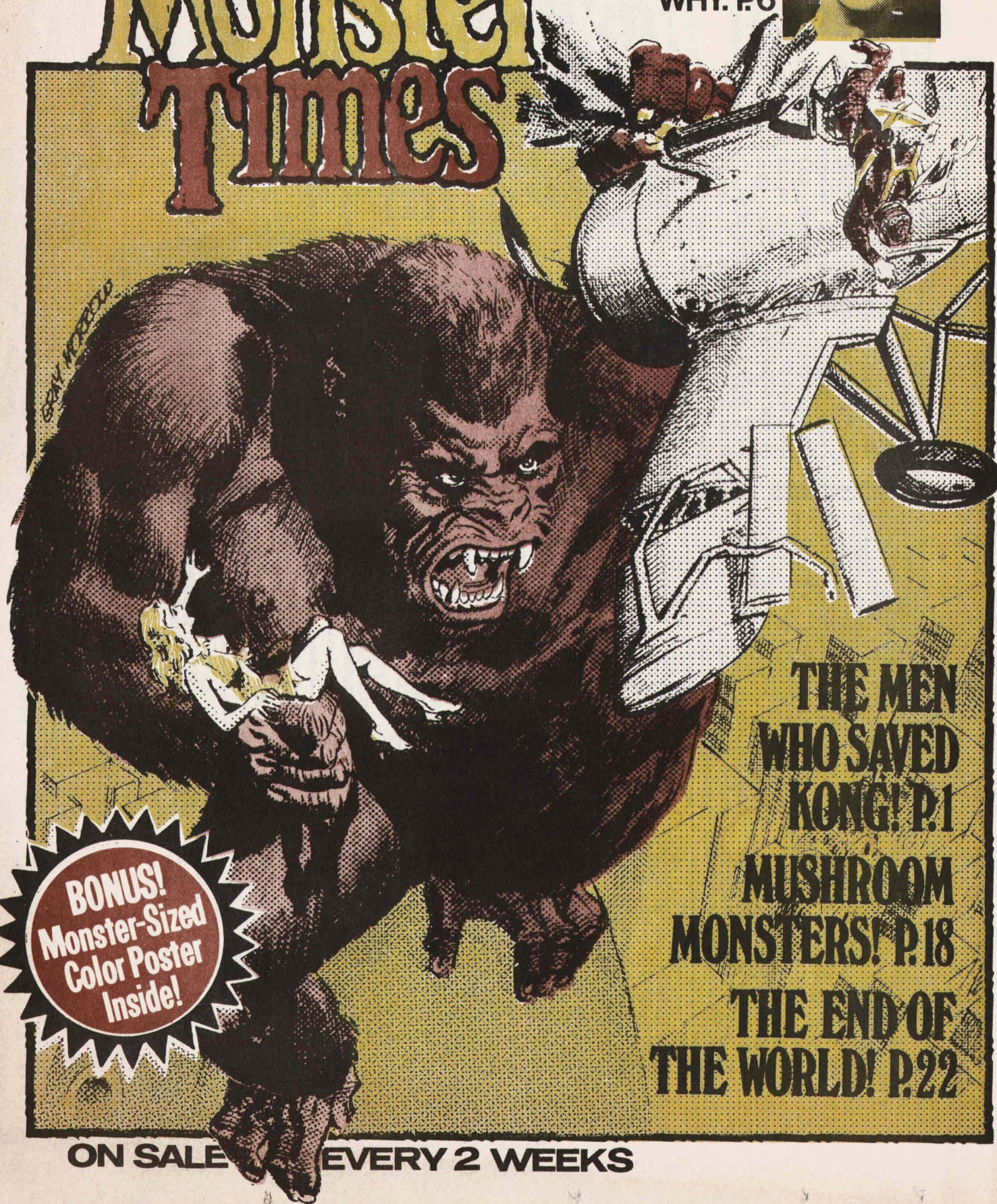


# the Monster Times

THIS MAN IS  
A FAKE!  
READ  
WHY. P.6



50c



**BONUS!**  
Monster-Sized  
Color Poster  
Inside!

**THE MEN  
WHO SAVED  
KONG! P.1**  
**MUSHROOM  
MONSTERS! P.18**  
**THE END OF  
THE WORLD! P.22**

ON SALE EVERY 2 WEEKS



STEINER

O'BRIEN

COOPER



# THE MEN WHO SAVED

# KING KONG

with  
WRAY....  
ARMSTRONG  
CABOT

BY STEVE  
VERTLIEB

**W**e of The Monster Times doubt there is a person left alive who has not seen King Kong, at least once. There is a movie theater in South Africa which shows the film every day year after year, and has shown it for over 25 years! Kong climbs the Empire State Building at least once a day in America either in "art" movie houses or on the TV screen. You'd think he'd get tired. But nope, he only gets more popular.

Wondering why, we asked our Kong specialist and film researcher, Steve Vertlieb to find out. Seems that the ol' gorilla had a

closer shave than any pterodactyl's wing could have given him... his life was almost nipped by a cut budget at the old RKO accounting office. Here Steve, in the first of three articles on Kong, tells the long-guarded secret of the King of Kong's fitful fight for birth, and of the three creative geniuses who delivered him into finished celluloid; Meriam C. Cooper, Willis O'Brien, and Max Steiner, three men who each, in his own special way, jolly well *did* save King Kong... from oblivion, and for us. "Destiny" had a hand in it, to be sure; and Destiny has the "King's Touch"...

Continued on page 12



# the Monster Times

PAGE 18

## DESTINY DEMANDS:

**D**estiny has brought forth this first issue of The Monster Times, and the theme of the issue is Destiny at work. Hard work.

It takes a lot of back-hunching work to bring out a publishing sensation like The Monster Times—a tabloid monster newspaper of films, comics, fantasy and science fiction, news, reviews, previews and interviews—appearing every two weeks! But ol' Destiny had a hand in it, and now we are the thankfully proud purveyors of a phenomenon.

The theme of Destiny is evident in our crypt-full of "firsts" as seen for instance in this first issue's QUIZ:

**Q:** What did a fellow named "Max Terror" have to do with the first Vampire Film? (Page 4).

**Q:** Did you know that Dracula's name was really "Irving?" (Page 5).

**Q:** Did you know the first Frankenstein monster had long hair? (Page 6).

**Q:** Who were the first blabbermouths to warn that people from the lost continent of Atlantis were secretly controlling us? (page 11).

**Q:** What real-life 9-foot lizards inspired the first film appearance of King Kong? (Page 22).

**Q:** What 1936 film first accurately predicted World War Two, television and the atomic bomb? (Page 27).

**Q:** How often will The Monster Times be appearing on your newsstands? (see below).

## ... EVERY TWO WEEKS

Future issues of "MT" will theme themselves about Star Trek (next issue) Frankenstein, Flash Gordon, Werewolves, The War of the Worlds, Giant Bugs on the Munch, Edgar Rice Burroughs, the Ghostly and Great Horror Comics of the 1950's, etc.

Plus a captivating cornucopia of creative creepish comix, pulsating posters, nerve-numbing news-releases, freakish fan-happenings and wrenching reportage of general goings-on in the ever-expanding cantankerous cosmos of the 20th Century's Popular Arts Renaissance.

## INITIAL INSPIRATION:

"MT"—Monster Times! "MT"—Merely Terrific! "MT"—Morbidly Tasteful! "MT"—More Than Merely Timely, Mighty Topical, Modestly Trend-setting! For these are the best of times and the worst of times, these indeed quite are; THE MONSTER TIMES!

Destiny Demanded that The Monster Times came to be—And you, dear reader, have helped us fulfill our destiny by buying our premier issue. See you in two weeks!

"MT—Many Thanks! *chuck*

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Our premier cover has been specially rendered by ace science fiction illustrator and syndicated cartoonist (Big Ben Bolt), Gray Morrow. Gray found time away from his prolific chores to prepare this fantastic mini-poster of King Kong for our first issue.

THE MONSTER TIMES, No. 1 January 26, 1972, published every two weeks by The Monster Times Publishing Company. P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011. Subscriptions in U.S.A.: \$ 6.00 for 13 issues, outside U.S.A.: \$10.00 for 26 issues. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Contributions are invited provided return postage is enclosed; however, no responsibility can be accepted for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyrighted (c) 1972, by The Monster Times Publishing company. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Subscriber change of address; give 8 weeks notice. Send an address imprint from recent issue or state exactly how label is addressed.

Printed in U.S.A.



Destiny wasn't asleep at the switch when *Nosferatu* was makers. In fact, Dracula/Nosferatu and The Golem/Franken- will demonstrate. The first family reunion of this monster clan subtly provoked some of the finest giants of 19th century read in your English Lit class was verily the prototype of the ol'

culled from the warped imaginations of the early German Film- stein are really cousins of sorts as this (and the following) article goes back to Switzerland, 1816 when their invisible memories literature. To wit: Lord Byron, that poet they always make you Duke of Darkness himself! Heavy? Right on!-er-rather Fright On.

Dave Izzo has done some spiffy research on the

origins of NOSFERATU



# NOSFERATU

...what ever happened

to the vampyr?

BY  
DAVE  
IZZO

## Vampires— the way of empty flesh

When was the last time you saw a vampire? If you never have, or you've just forgotten when it was, don't feel bad; you're suffering from a loss felt by horror lovers everywhere. That ancient and revered species of bloodsucker is going the way of the aardvark, the seal and the American bald eagle: that is, extinction. Once the world abounded with vampiric toothy smiles. They've got a history that goes back to antiquity, and for auld fang syne is worth a retelling.

When man began, vampire legends were a universal phenomenon touching all the corners of the globe. From an Arabic *djinn* to a Greek *vyrolackas*, every country had its own night-crawler. The manifestations of their undead evil varied



in each place, but the goal was always the same; blood.

Centuries ago this life-sustaining liquid was regarded as a magical element, and equally supernatural was any being that attempted to steal it. Early man's superstitious mind expected satanic corpses to try midnight raids on someone's blood supply.

## Vampires Invade Libraries

As man stumbled out of the dark ages, the belief in blood-robbers became less public as people pretended to be more civilized. Nonetheless, man's subconscious fantasies prevailed in the form of Gothic fiction.

From 1765, beginning with Walpole's CASTLE OF OTRANTO, to 1825, these novels swept through Europe. They usually had a heroine who encounters and



conquers a variety of weird happenings, including a vampire or two. At this time they were only minor characters, and it wasn't till 1816 that a vampire was presented in his modern form.

## Vampires Invade Switzerland?

In the Summer of that year, the English poet Percy Bysshe Shelley and his wife Mary vacationed in Switzerland at the home of another great poet, Lord Byron. Also there was Byron's physician and companion John Polidori. During a succession of rainy days that kept them indoors, they rummaged through the attic and came across an old book of ghost stories. For entertainment they sat in a circle and read them aloud. Quoting Mary Shelley, one story went like this.

"There was a tale of the sinful founder of his race, whose doom it was to bestow the kiss of death on all the younger sons of his fated house. His gigantic shadowy form was seen at midnight, by the moon's fitful beams, to advance slowly along the gloomy avenue. The shape was lost beneath the shadow of the castle walls, but soon a gate swung back, a step was heard, the door of the chamber opened, and he advanced to the couch of the blooming youths. Eternal sorrow sat upon his face as he bent down and kissed the foreheads of the boys, who from that hour withered like flowers snapped upon the stalk."

Though not exactly a vampire, this spirit contains vampiric elements. Evil when alive, he becomes one of the undead as punishment. He steals life from youth as he prowls the night.

## English Lit's Own Vampire

Inspired by these tales Lord Byron suggested that the quartet try writing their own horror stories. All four attempted the task, but as the Summer turned to Autumn only two continued.

Surprisingly, it was the two poets who dropped out, and the amateurs that succeeded. Mary Shelley wrote her classic FRANKENSTEIN, and Polidori "borrowed" THE VAMPIRE.

The good doctor stole the idea from Byron, but wrote and developed the story himself. It features a Lord Ruthven whose suavity and regal bearing become the model for all subsequent vampires. This evil aristocrat, after swearing his unknowing companion to secrecy, fakes his own death. Later, the companion returns to London and finds the vampire alive, preying on society. Bound to his oath the man can say nothing, and the vow must last a year and a day. As time passes, the pressures of his horrible knowledge drive him to the edge of insanity. He soon learns that his sister's been beguiled by the villain's charms and plans to marry him on the last day of the vow. Her half-crazed brother begs her to delay another day, but she will not, believing him to be mad. At midnight, freed from the oath, and moments before his death, he sends friends to her rescue. It's too late. Ruthven is gone, glutted with blood.

## Lord Byron: Dracula's Grandfather

It should be mentioned that Ruthven is a fictionalization of Lord Byron. Byron was an internationally notorious personality, known more in his time for his scandalous life than for his works. Byron and Polidori, at first friends, argued constantly during that Summer, and parted as enemies. THE VAMPIRE was intended as an insult as well as a serious work. The first full-fledged vampire story in English, it initiated a very important literary chain that still exists. As for Byron, he'll be happy to know that there's a little of him in every vampire since 1816. And there's been plenty of them.

## a Drac-o-lantern lights the way

Most of them were bad imitations of



Windows "cross" NOSFERATU/Shreck, as he gestures dramatically. Bela Lugosi as DRACULA, the talking man's NOSFERATU, makes gestures "reminiscent" of Shreck, while Count Orlock fades into morning mist just as we daily fade into smog.

A stalking Schreck (first-named Max) makes his eerie, shadowy midnite creep.



Polidori's novel, but in 1897 the man appeared with the flowing fangs. None other than DRACULA, the baddest bloodsucker of them all! It was written by Bram Stoker whose only previous fame had been as the manager of England's top actor of the time, Sir Henry Irving. Stoker in DRACULA, accomplished the definitive novel of vampirism. He tied together all the strings of demonology, legend, the folklore, then added Polidori's foundation and created the ultimate vampire.

The powers and limitations of the nefarious count were established as the precedent for the future. Like many authors, Stoker searched for some facts to lend a measure of authenticity to his tale. He found a fifteenth-century Slavic nobleman named Drakula, a general in battles against the Turks, also an insane sadist, torturer, and murderer who used his noble power to victimize the local peasants. One manuscript telling Drakula's story, called him a wampyr, a derivative of vampire.

For fantasy's sake, Stoker's villain is supposed to be the same man four hundred years later. Here is evil incarnate, Count Dracula as first seen by the hero who has just entered the Transylvanian castle.

## Would you buy a used coffin from this man?

"Within stood a tall old man, clean-shaven save for a long white moustache, and clad in black from head to foot, without a single speck of colour about him anywhere... He moved impulsively forward, and holding out his hand, grasped mine with a strength that made me wince, an effect which was not lessened by the fact that it was as cold as ice — more like the hand of a dead than a living man..."

"His face was a strong — a very strong aquiline, with high bridge of the thin nose and particularly arched nostrils; with lofty domed forehead, and hair growing scantily round the temples, but profusely elsewhere. His eyebrows were very massive, almost meeting over the nose... The mouth was fixed and rather cruel-looking, with peculiarly sharp white teeth; these protruded over the lips, whose remarkable ruddiness showed astonishing vitality in a man of his years. For the rest, his ears were pale and at the top extremely pointed; the chin was broad and strong, and the cheeks firm though thin. The general effect was one of extraordinary pallor."

"... I could not but notice (his hands) were rather coarse — broad, with squat fingers. Strange to say, there were hairs in the centre of the palm. The nails were long and fine, and cut to a sharp point. As the Count leaned over me... I could not repress a shudder. It may have been that his breath was rank, but a horrible feeling of nausea came over me... The Count's eyes gleamed..."

## a Vampire named Irving?

Of course his eyes gleamed, because when he leaned over it was to get a better look at the hero's neck. With a description like that there's no mystery about who the villain is going to be. In fact, check a picture of Henry Irving and you'll see that Stoker pulled a prank a la Polidori and Byron. The joke in this instance is between friends, not enemies, and is only one of the links that connects DRACULA and THE VAMPIRE.

Count Dracula, as did Lord Ruthven, schemes a plot that will get him to England. Once there, his evil draws him to the loved ones of the book's hero. But unlike Lord Ruthven, Dracula attempts too much and is defeated. The factor of vampire migration is obviously motivated by a need for more victims, but the arrogance of pursuing people who know you exist is a display of defiant power. These Polidoric elements continued in the first vampire flick which starred... wrong, not Bela Lugosi, but Max Schreck. (Who?) Schreck, incidentally, means "Terror" in German.





## Rumanian Vampires

Maniacal Max played the title role in the 1922 German silent *NOSFERATU* (the word is the Rumanian one for vampire!) The story begins as does Stoker's novel, but scriptwriter Henrik Galeen digresses with some unusual ideas that extend Stoker's melodramatic romanticism into that stuff called psychological symbolism.

The hero, sleeping unsuspectingly in the count's castle is about to get his blood checked. At this moment, hundreds of miles away, his wife Nina awakens whispering her husband's name. Suddenly, Nosferatu recoils and cannot go on.

## Love Conquers All (sometimes) . . .

It was Galeen's object to show that love could combat the vampire even in his supernatural realm. After the hero escapes, the villain, who comes to appear more and more as the image of pestilence, leaves his castle for redder pastures.

Drinking his way across Germany, Nosferatu changes physically as his evil increases. Tall and thin (you can't get fat on a liquid diet) his snakelike figure grows hunchbacked, and his already ugly face contorts into a grotesque gargoyle. Finally, he reaches the town of Bremen and there meets Nina — in a scene that symbolizes Galeen's belief that the evils which Nosferatu represents cannot conquer those who confront them fearlessly.

Instead of fleeing from the vampire, Nina welcomes him. As she does, the sun breaks through and the villain dissolves into nothing. The strength of goodness wins out over evil and is given an aspect of magical power. The evil it defeats is considered a disease that gets more repugnant as time lets it continue. The message of these ideas was dramatized by the film's director F.W. Murnau.

Murnau had the ability to eliminate boundaries between the real and unreal. Reality was bordered by dreams, and a tangible person, like Nina, might impress the audience as an apparition. The success of the film rested largely on the camera's rendition of eerie horror.

## Vampires since: Necks to Nothing!

How to make a film from a stage play is what happens in Lugosi's *DRACULA*. It's an extremely one-dimensional movie in that all it did was to virtually film a stage presentation. The special effects pioneered by Murnau were completely neglected. And even though Lugosi was renowned as the vampire, if you refer back to Stoker's conception, he really doesn't make it.

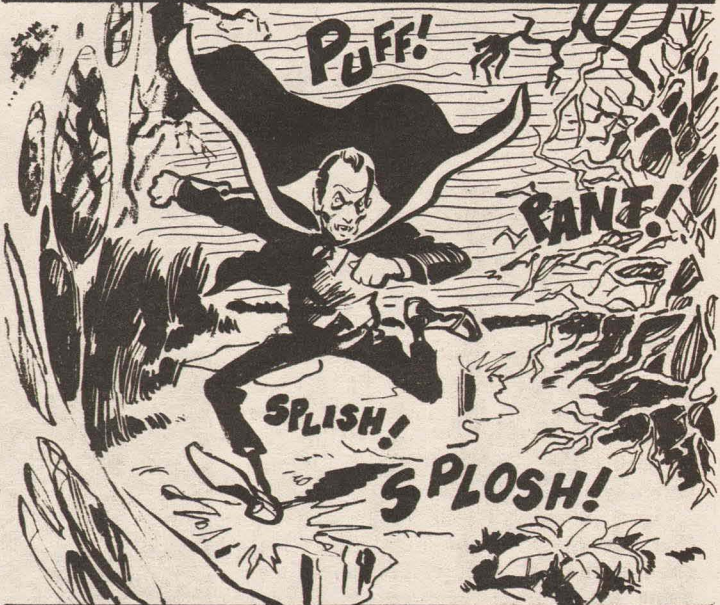
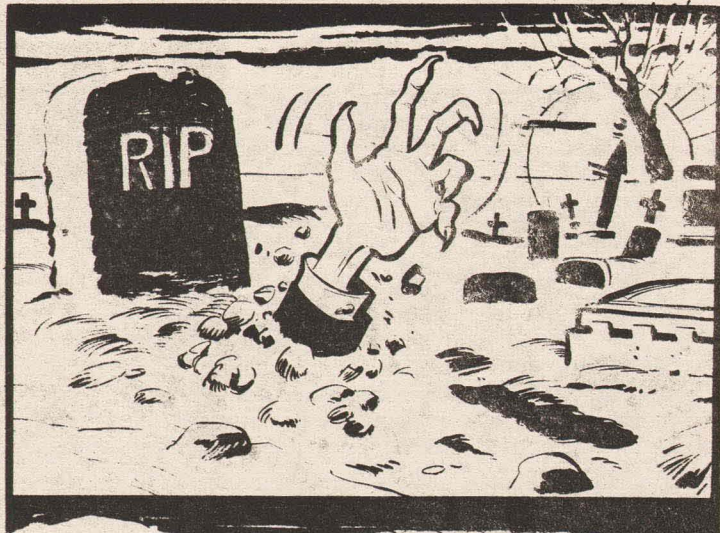
With a few exceptions, like Chris Lee's excellent portrayal in *HORROR OF DRACULA*, vampire flicks fall far short of Stoker's fabulous novel. The Polidoric tradition has been nearly forgotten in the wake of films such as *BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA*. (Yes there actually is a disaster by that name). Woe is the world when a weirdo like that creep in *DARK SHADOWS* bares his fangs between toothpaste commercials. Vampires surely need our mortal support.

Let the hovering spirits know that you're still with them. One nice thing you might do is leave some blood in a saucer on your doorstep before you go to bed. After all, vampires aren't bad guys compared to things like wars, poverty, and drugs. They're only figments of fantasy to relieve us from the real evils in life. Look at it this way; I'd rather take on Dracula than an A-bomb anytime.

(Speaking of A-bombs—check out our chilling *Mushroom Monsters* article on page 18, and ditto our special comic strip version of *Nosferatu* on page 20—Ed.)

No, that's not the butler who always "did it"—That's *Nosferatu*, the first filmed recreation of Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. Note them hands!

CARLOS GARZON







DER GOLEM, The First Frankenstein (Paul Wegener), was made of mud, sweat and tears, but apparently without a single ounce of gratitude — judging by the way he loomed over his hometown, its inhabitants, and Lyda Salmanova, daughter of the man who brought him life. That's Lyda being loomed-over.

# Der Golem

THE FIRST FRANKENSTEIN

C.M. RICHARDS

**Y**a, class, that is an interesting point which little Igor brought up. I'll rephrase his question for the benefit of those students who were too busy setting fire to each other a moment ago to listen as carefully as they should.

Igor, scholar that he is, pointed out that the Encyclopedia Filmfannica lists the first filmed version of Frankenstein as being made in 1910, then by Thomas Edison, and that *The Golem* wasn't first filmed 'till 1914 and then 1920, both times by Paul Wegener at the old UFA studios in Berlin, Germany, and that each time Wegener played the hulking clay monstrosity. But no matter about Edison. The Golem legend goes back much further, and was in fact the inspiration for the Frankenstein monster. You say you want proof. Isn't the word of your schoolmaster enough?

OK then, I'll show you.

Now, as the rest of you step into the school Time machine, Igor and Basil and I'll dislodge Little Lucrezia from that guillotine some of you amateur humorists put her in—Hush, little Lucrezia—don't you cry!—Professor gonna rescue your skullabye—you'll be alright!—and IGOR! don't lean on that draw-rope—(WHEW!)—There, now, we shall be on our way. The Time Machine is set for Lucerne, Switzerland, summer 1816.



Who'd guess the ol' Frank is none other than The Golem with a crewcut?

**N**ow, group, I want you to tread softly. Up this hill to the villa and be quiet! Particularly, Ferdie!—I know it's that time of evening you change back to a frog, but could you please try not to chirrup?—just this once? If you must transform, do it down by the lake and wait for us there!

OK, Ferdie? Uh, Ferdie? Ferdie?

Now, where was I?—Oh, yes: Peeking through the windows we espy the people written about in the *Nosferatu* article on page 3 of the first issue of The Monster Times—Here we see the Shelleys (Percy and Mary), and over there in the easy chair is the future author of *The Vampyr*, John Polidori, and of course, the English

poet, George Gordon, Lord Byron. Behold, class, they now sit about and read ghost stories to each other—yes, young Things, that is what people did before television—they read. But as luck would have it, some people just couldn't or wouldn't read, so television had to be invented for them.

As you observe, Mary Shelley is



Recreation shot from Universal's BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN. Yes, that is Elsa Lanchester the bride, as Mary Shelley, as well.

reading aloud, in French, from a book of Medieval legends—you will from time to time hear her utter such words as "Prague," "Rabbi Leow," and particularly "Der Golem!" How I wish I'd brought along the automatic translators. No matter. She'll soon finish.

There, now; done! Hush, class, Lord Byron is going to speak!—Ah ha! He just

said it! He said; "I propose that we each write a ghost story!" Such a history-making suggestion! Well, kids, and tads and gremlinkins, don't balk! Don't gape! There's no more to see—that was it. Mayhaps it didn't look very exciting, as say, the death of Edgar Allen Poe, which we witnessed last week, but it was just as important. (Let's hurry back to the time machine now—that's it—say! where's Ferdie?—Someone go fetch him from the lake, quickly—and make sure it's Ferdie!)—Ahem! what we have just witnessed was a crucial moment in the History of Monsterdom, for that suggestion of the poet Byron's resulted in two great works of horror literature—first, Polidori's subsequent *The Vampyr* was to metamorphize in time into *Dracula* and *Nosferatu*, and secondly, Mary Shelley's immortal *Frankenstein* resulted from reading the legend of The Golem, as you have just witnessed here tonight. In fact, in the preface of the 1932 edition of *Frankenstein*, she admits it was her intent to "equal" the ghost stories she had read this 1816 evening.

So, in other words (ummmm—Igor, are you sure that's Ferdie, and not just some ordinary, oversized toad? Oh, well, if you say so—and we really must be going), well class, in other words, as you've just witnessed, the Golem clearly both as a



novel, and as a feature film, was the first *Frankenstein's monster*. Now, lock the time warp prevention device, Basil . . .

**N**ow that we're back, and Ferdie is chirruping contentedly in the aquarium, I'll run the silent, 1920 version of *Der Golem*.

Sadly, we can't run the 1914 version of *Der Golem*. Time-ordinances prevent us from going back and stealing one from the past, lest it change the future. The last remaining print was irretrievably lost when a (ho-ho) Modern Artist in the 1930's who'd probably not been allowed to cut paper dolls as a child, chopped up the last remaining reels and pasted the itty-bitty pieces in a quaint collage. The very fact that people knew of The Golem and have forgotten that pea-brained artist is Destiny's revenge, I suppose. Though I'd really like to take you back to that clown's workshop, class, and set you loose, and watch you make a collage out of him.—Uh, cue the projector, Igor—and when the lights go out, don't any of you go putting Little Lucrezia in that guillotine again!—this is just a silent film, there's no soundtrack for her screams to blend into . . .

### DER GOLEM A Monster Times Re-Creation

**O**ur first sight is of the old Astronomer, Rabbi David Leow (Albert Steinruck), seated in his observatory tower high above the Prague, Czechoslovakia, Ghetto. He wears an old astrologer's cap and robe, decorated with mystic symbols, and very impressively gazes through his telescope and astrolabes, referring to charts and calculations on his gnarled writing table. He computes a column of figures and suddenly flings his arms in the air in an expression of woe and grief . . .

The stars predict the gravest misfortunes for the inhabitants of Prague. He knows not what, but some catastrophe is imminent, and nothing but unhappiness is to follow.

Sure enough, the next day, storm-trooper-like footsoldiers of the local despot, Rudolf II, nail a document to the gate of the Prague Ghetto.

The sign declares that "All Jews must abandon their belongings and move elsewhere" in one month, or suffer the wrath of Rudolf's army. And from other examples found in history books, you can bet that "the wrath" meant total extermination—the killing of every Jewish person, man, woman and child, and the confiscation of all their property . . . the correct term is "Pogrom" . . . and the practice sporadically carried all the way up to Hitler's concentration camps in Nazi Germany, a mere 30 years ago.

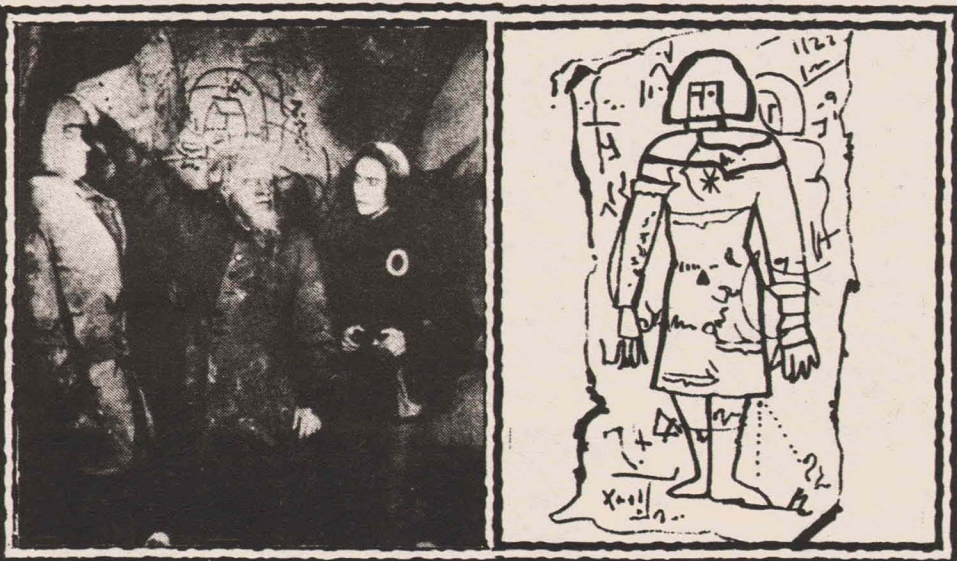
Rabbi Leow and the other residents of the Ghetto are awe-struck, terrified. True, the Ghetto wasn't the finest home in the world, but now they are to wander the countryside, homeless, prey to savage animals and even more savage people. Uprooted. More helpless than before, in a hostile alien feudal world. But the Rabbi has a trick or two up his sleeve.

He also has a lovely daughter, played by Lyda Salmanova, and she has long braided hair. Keep that in mind, kids!

Shortly we see Rabbi Leow in his laboratory, poring over ancient magic books with his young assistant (played by Ernst Deutsch), desperately seeking a way. Then he finds an ancient blueprint for a clay-man, to be made and brought to life with the spirit of Astaroth. But, warns the inscription, the clay man must be brought to life *only for good purposes*,

chatting most friendly. The assistant looks jealously at the scene, and the messenger abruptly stands to deliver a parchment to the Rabbi.

It's an invitation to a feast at the Emperor, Rudolf's court. Rabbi Leow is demanded to cast the astrological chart of Rudolf, and provide entertainments—and if his magic tricks are good enough, Rudolf *might* just take back the eviction notice . . . or at least listen to the Rabbi's case for mercy.



We see Dr. Golem stacked against a wall by the rabbi and assistant, and at right is a rare shot of the actual Golem blueprint from the original secret Magick Book.

In the crypt-like lab, DER GOLEM wakes and yawns: "Vott's furr de breadkfasten?"



lest the spirits that keep him alive spoil, and his unworldly strength be used to negative or evil ends . . . uncontrollable ends.

The Rabbi sets to work, modeling a man of clay.

In the meantime, a messenger, a tall-blond Germanic type (and bit of an oaf at that) enters the Rabbi's home, and waiting for the old man to appear, talks with his lovely daughter instead. The messenger of the court (Luthar Muthel) really turns on the charm, and by the time the Rabbi and his assistant enter the room, messenger and daughter are

Imagine! All that trouble just to get a free palm-reading!

Next we see the fabulous scene where the Golem, yet clay, is brought to life. This was one of the first really complex examples of special effects, and especially effective at that.

A circle drawn on the floor, candles are lit about it. The rabbi and his assistant enter the circle for protection, and proceed to recite the proper incantations.

Poof! The circle catches ablaze! Fiery sparks shoot up from the chalk markings on the floor, as the terrified assistant quakes. Incantations continue and the

laboratory fills with smoke. The circle on the stone floor is now so intense that it has actually burned a moat-like rut in the stone . . . dissolving it fast!

Then BEHOLD! The Spirit of Astaroth appears! . . . a sinister mask-face eerily floats into the room (via double exposure—a difficult special effect in 1920!) and whooshes foul smoke from its nostrils. It frighteningly hovers about the room and then, to the relief of two apprentice sorcerers, speaks . . . by exhaling smoke-letters through its nostrils; the letters of the secret ultra-incantation, "AEMIR," and then promptly disappears.

The room is now normal again. The rut is vanished from the lab floor. Healed. The Rabbi and his assistant are passed out on the floor. The excitement was a bit much. Rabbi Leow revives first and rushes to a writing desk and copies down the magic letters on a slip of paper, deposits them in the back of a 5-pointed clay star, and places the star on the chest of the 6½ foot clay man.

Instantly his eyes pop open. Paul Wegener, who played *Der Golem* as well as made the movie, was a typically German-looking actor—massive, harsh with blockish Teutonic features; he was a natural for a clay giant . . . and yet a strange if not ironic choice for the protector of the Jews, in light of events in Germany in years that followed—here was a person the spitting blue-eyed image of one of Hitler's "Master Race" protecting Jewish people from extermination by hostile anti-Semitic Teutonics.

The Golem makeup was something else again. Huge clumpy feet with 3-inch soles (like the kind Boris Karloff was to later sport in *FRANKENSTEIN*) . . . a bulky vast double-breasted suitcoat, similar also to Boris' over-sized sport-jacket, and a matted clay Prince Valiant fright-wig to make the head seem a little more proportionate to the 3½-foot padded shoulders. If he'd only had bolts in the neck, a crew-cut, and scars on the wrists, he could have easily been a sub for the 1931 Universal *FRANKENSTEIN*.

Now the clay man was brought to life, and the good Rabbi, figuring an idle mudpile is the devil's playground, set him to work doing chores; chopping and fetching wood, drawing water from the well, and doing the afternoon shopping at the local marketplace. This is one of the lighter moments of the film, with the assistant stumbling along, keeping an eye out for the Golem, who freaks out the humble shopkeeper. "That's all right," assures the assistant, "He's a friend of Rabbi Leow's!" Some comfort!

Finally arrives the big night at Rudolf's castle. The hall is packed with too-beautiful nobility and ladies of the court, carousing about and getting drunk. Rudolf calls a halt to the festivities and informs all that Rabbi Leow is to perform some sort of a magic act for everyone's entertainment. All eyes are on the Rabbi and his assistant. Rabbi Leow signals his lackey.

The assistant springs to open the door, and in lumbers *Der Golem*. All are amazed at the new guest, but return their attentions to Rabbi Leow. "I am going to show you now," he begins sagely, "The

THE ARRIVAL OF ASTAROTH!—Rabbi Leow (Albert Steinruck) and assistant gaze horrified as the Spirit of Homununculia appears to spell out the secret of the Breath of Life (AEMIR)! and then vanish in the haze world of forgotten dieties and dark angels.





# “Do you know where your children are tonight?”

history of my people. This is a very difficult magic feat, and should the spell be prematurely broken, I cannot claim responsibility for the dire consequences!”

With this warning concluded, he begins. First an incantation or two, and a vast spectral apparition materializes on the courtroom wall, above the heads of the spectators. “This is the saga of my people . . . these are their great leaders—and yours!” he says, as images of the Exodus from Egypt and the wandering through the wilderness are displayed. Men representing Abraham, Issac, Jacob, Aaron & Moses step into closeups in the footage (double exposure, again) and seemingly stare out of the apparition down at the members of the court.

Just then the court jester makes some crude joke, and all the nobles are suddenly in an uproar, laughing mockingly at the forces they cannot understand. The vision melts, spellbroken.

But now a retribution ensues! Tumultuous winds swoop down and blow through the castle! People panic and crash into one another. The Golem stands in the doorway, barring exit. Pillars give way. Lightning bolts smite the courtroom. Chaos reigns, and the roof and floor begin to crack. Great columns crumble and the ceiling slowly sifts down, to crush all in the courtroom.

“Save us! Save us!” all cry. At a signal from Rabbi Leow, the Golem confidently strides center-stage, raises his arms and like some great stone superman, holds up the collapsing ceiling till all may escape.

Grateful, Rudolf II of Czechoslovakia apologizes for the rudeness of his court, thanks Rabbi Leow and assures him that there will be no Pogrom, no expulsion, and that the Jews of Prague may remain in their homes, unhindered.

A happy ending? Not quite. Not yet. Now Rabbi Leow returns home, overjoyed. And in his laboratory, consults his magic charts. Bad tidings, he learns, are in store for one who fails to dismantle a golem after its usefulness is over. Once its good deed has been done, it is prey to control by evil spirits. Looking over his shoulder to see the Golem glowering, and approaching him menacingly, he quickly plucks the star from the monster’s chest, breaking the spell. Lifeless, the clay-man topples to the floor. The terrified rabbi vows to smash up the statue the next day; after celebrations.

Next day finds all residents in the Ghetto laughing and dancing joyously. Thanks and festivities are the order of the noon as all the village gathers in the Synagogue to thank God that they have been delivered. Well . . . almost everyone.



Evil Automaton meets Innocent Curiosity, as Golem greets child. But, keep your eye on “innocent kid!”



The flower children have struck again! Munchkin ‘liebchin’ have bested the forces of evil. Yay team!

The young assistant has tarried, and raps on the bedroom door of the Rabbi’s daughter, offering to escort her that afternoon to the synagogue. The door falls open, as no bar had been drawn, and the young assistant spies Rabbi Leow’s daughter in the arms of the young messenger of the court. The door is quickly slammed in his face and locked.

Jealous, the young wrathful assistant scurries to the lab, grabs the star and replaces it on the Golem’s chest. Springing to life, the Golem raises his arms fiercely, and follows the stupid assistant, who pointing to the bedroom door, yells “Kill him!” Golem smashes down the door, grabs German messenger, and carries him to yon roof of ye observatory, the terrified daughter and the assistant following close behind. With a mighty heft, old Golem heaves the messenger from the rooftop down to the street, 50 feet below. Then! he turns on the assistant—who scurries away. *The Golem grabs the girl by her long braids and drags her through the streets, seeking means of doing more quaint evil.* When he finds fire (a torch) he drops the girl, preoccupied with this marvelous new instrument of destruction. Setting the torch to the Ghetto (something Rudolf II’s soldier henchman would have done), he gloats as the buildings go pretty-pretty burn-burn. Celebrants in the Synagogue smell smoke and stream into the street, bewildered, to fight the blaze. The Golem thwarts their aims awhile by tossing them about like toys. Then he staggers away in search of more destructive things to do.

Meanwhile, the jealous assistant finds the dazed young girl and together, lovingly, they vow to try to make something of their lives from that day forth. They embrace.

As this happens, elsewhere, the Golem has found his way to the Ghetto gate, forces open the door and lumbers out. Before him are a group of young German children, boys and girls playing and making necklaces of daisies.

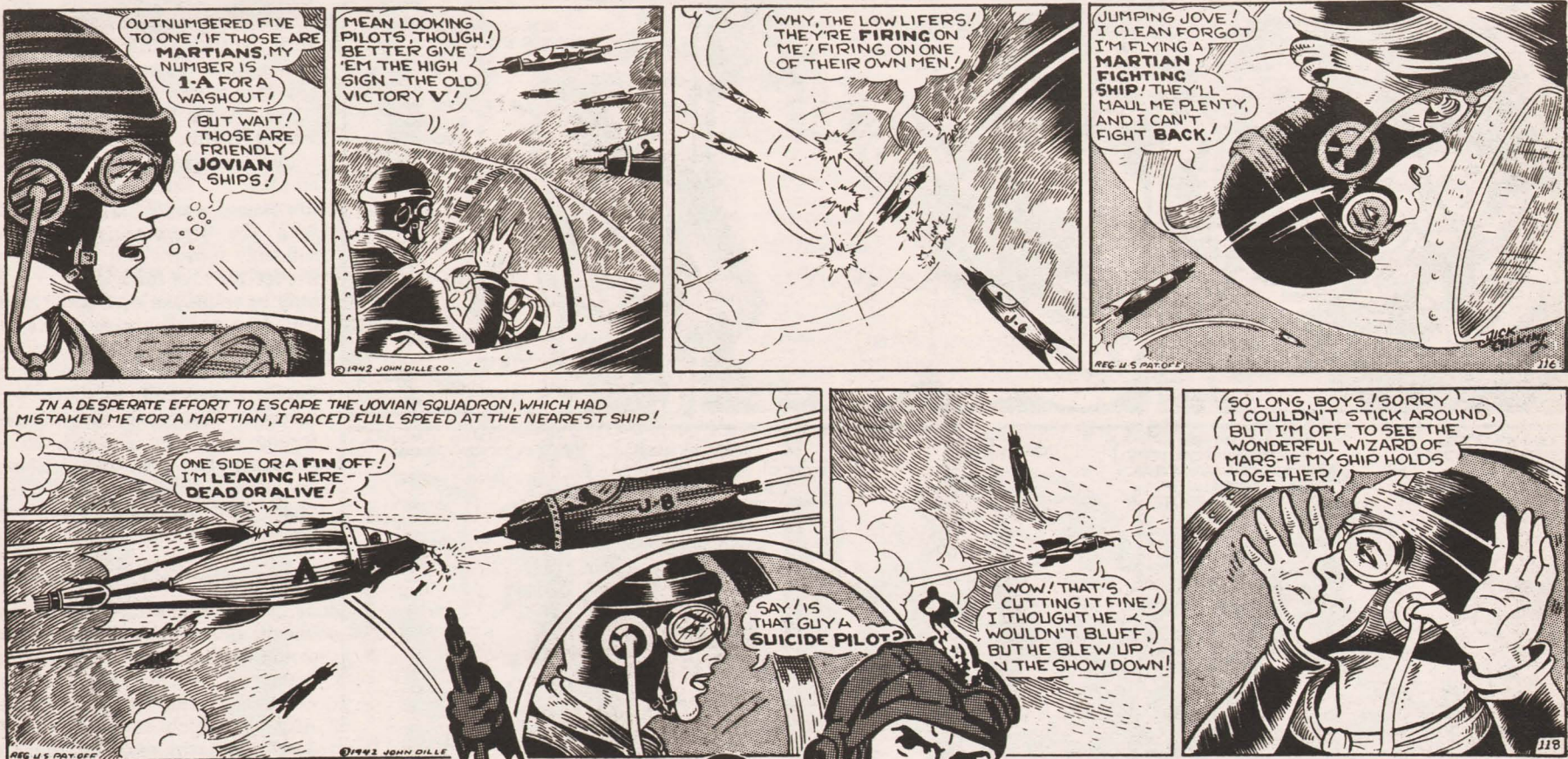
One little girl of 4 strides up to the Golem. He picks her up; how curious. She reaches out and playfully plucks the star from his chest.

The Golem topples backward, lifeless. The now evil nemesis has been defeated by the innocent curiosity of a child. When the people of the Ghetto rush to the gates, they view the toppled Golem surrounded by happy young children. They heft up the clay statue and cart him back inside the Ghetto to dismantle him. The last scene of the film; the statue carted back inside, the massive gates swinging shut, ending the saga of the walking behemoth, the first and original Frankenstein’s monster; DER GOLEM!

Ashes to Ashes . . . and . . . mud to mud.







Illustrations by Dick Calkins, from THE COLLECTED WORKS OF BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25th CENTURY, Bonanza Books, \$15.00.

PERILS OF A 25th CENTURY FLYING ACE: If you're not trading potshots with the evil Manchu Dynasty that controls all North America, you're liable to be ambushed somewhere between Phobos and Deimos.



## Bike Rogers - merchandisaster

You don't see Buck Rogers stuff around much any more, which is probably just as well. When I was a little kid, I mean real little, about four or five, my older brother talked my folks into buying him a Buck Rogers bicycle. They were going to get him a bicycle anyway, so he insisted it be a Buck Rogers bike, and against their better judgement they got it for him. Now, there were flaws in this item which should be obvious from one look at the picture. It looks properly imposing, sure, with the streamlined tin fuselage — real tin, too; aluminum being still in the developmental stage at the time — and the funny horn, and the snazzy handgrips, and the *clicky* little Saturn on the starboard side... But the problem of course was that every time the chain slipped off the sprocket, or one of the tires blew, or a spoke sprung loose, you had to remove the whole bloody fuselage to get to the infected area. And this could only be done by getting up under the thing with a wrench, and you invariably sliced up your fingers on the sharp tin edge doing this, and the edge was always rusty and full of tetanus, and the tin would warp up out of shape so you'd have to bang it back flat with a hammer... The Buck Rogers bike was a tragically defective item.

And so was the strip, all in all. Oh,

# THE COLLECTED WORKS OF BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25th CENTURY

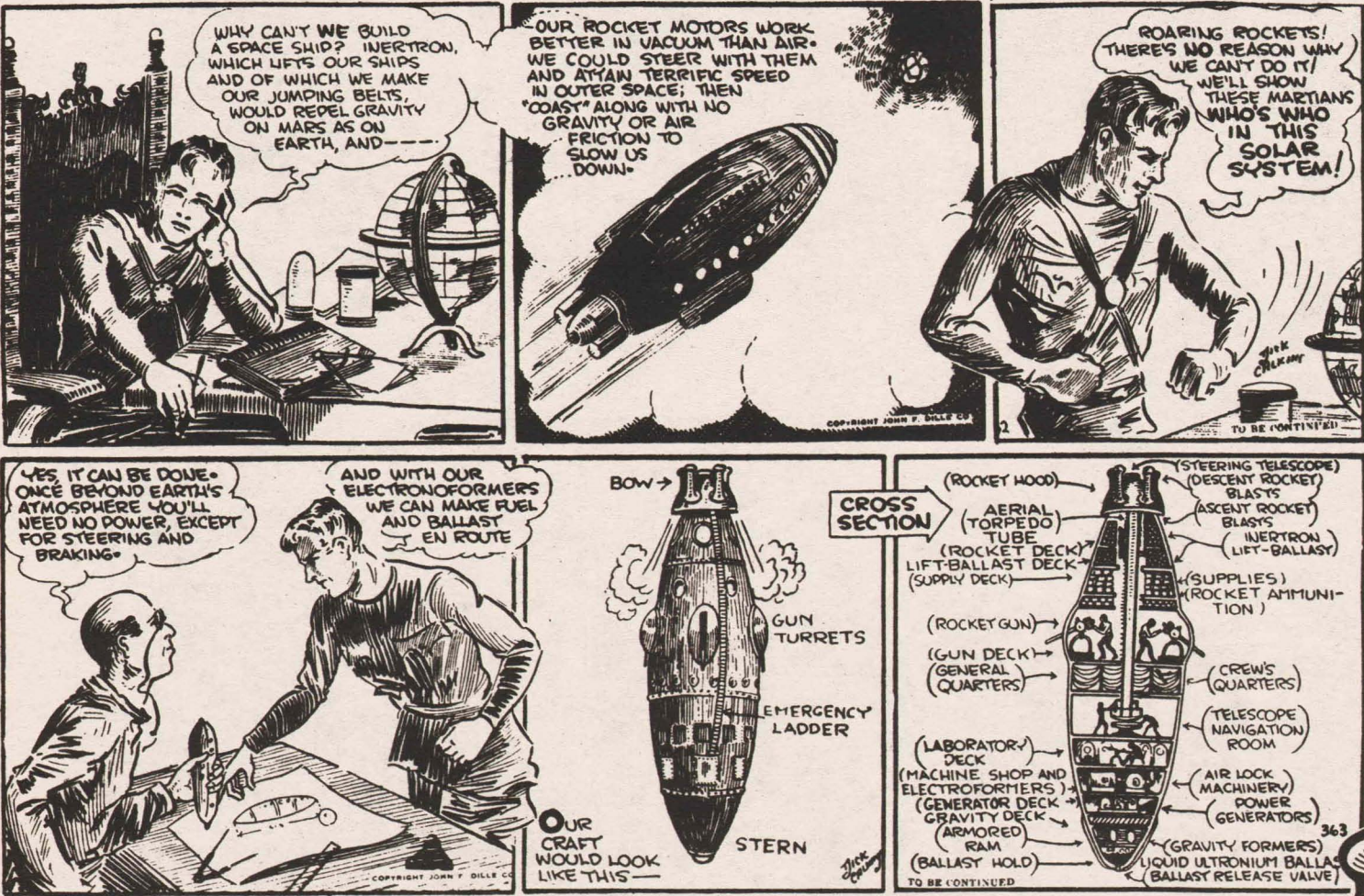
a review BY LATIMER

everybody loved *Buck Rogers*, it was a fabulously engrossing strip, full of flashy gimmicks and rough-and-tumble action, with a mortal cliffhanger situation every week and a lot of iridescent characters you could not help but love. But when you get the whole thing together in *The Collected Works Of Buck Rogers In The 20th Century*, you can see the weak points of it.

## the way of ill Flash

As a narrative epic, it's terrible. No getting around it. For one thing, the illustrator Dick Calkins isn't very good at all. I mean, the strip started in 1929 and carried on until 1967, and you'd think that over 38 years of pushing a brush he'd have learned to draw; and while indeed there's a noticeable improvement in the quality of the artwork during the course of the strip, still, it was just never very good. In the beginning Calkin's stuff was really execrable, and toward the end it never got any better than mediocre. About all he learned, really, was to sharpen up his panels with a lot of solid black shading and various shades of Zip-a-Tone, lending the illusion of depth to what before had been lousy two-dimensional draughtmanship. He also got a little better at handling perspectives, although to be sure he preferred to jam all his action into the immediate foreground whenever possible. No, Dick Calkins was never even as good as Chester





NOTHING INSPIRES TECHNOLOGICAL PROGRESS better than the existence of possibly hostile, or at least "uppity" foreigners. If the Mariner IV probe had spied aborigines alongside some tropical canal, US designers would doubtless whip us up a space-warp interstellar battleship for self-protection!

Gould, nor anything moderately resembling it.

jivey gimmickry, by Jiminy-crackery!

It was the gimmickry that sold the strip to two generations of Americans, that fabulous streamline-baroque architecture of spaceships, rayguns, and extraterrestrial anthropoids. Kids today ought to be really amused at most of this, since the idea of what modern looks like has changed so drastically in the last few years. In the era of the Buck Rogers strip, modern was merely anything that was bulletshaped, with a lot of precision craftsmanship to it. A 1948 Packard, with the fat wide fastback styling, was the very apotheosis of modernity during this period, and all of Calkins' spaceships tended to look like this. Inside these curiously massive but windswept vehicles were metal bulkheads, riveted about the seams in neat rows of bolts, as if they'd been put together by union steelworkers in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

It is the contrast between the ludicrous futurism in the outer design of Buck Rogers spaceships, and the highly industrialized inner workmanship of them, that gives us a sense of what made this essentially inferior strip a genuine American myth.

See, as Ray Bradbury points out in the introduction to this collection, Buck Rogers spans the transitional gap between the Mechanical age and the Electronic age in American history. When the strip first began, technology was mainly a thing of metal, with pistons and driveshafts and fanbelts and remote power sources; but Calkins and writer Phil Nowlan were prophetic, in that they sensed the approach of a new technology, when machines would be operated by pulses of pure force running directly from generators to receptors. And in their strip *Buck Rogers* they combined elements of both technologies to create a kind of bastard technology, which is what appears so amusing in this day and age. Like, just dig Buck Rogers operating a spaceship in transit between Saturn and Jupiter, wearing on his head a leather aviator's helmet straight out of a Van Johnson movie about World War I flying aces. This is what is called anachronism.

However, there were quite a number of futuristic elements in the Buck Rogers strip that came true, most of them having to do with women's fashions. His sweetheart Wilma Deering, for example,

wore miniskirts exclusively. Calkins' draughtmanship being what it was, it is well-nigh impossible to determine whether she wore tights underneath her skirts or bare legs, but in any case she was a precursor of late-Sixties ladies' wear in this respect. Her arch-enemy Ardala, the female heavy of the strip, was fond of wearing what are now called Hot Pants, and when she felt like doing some heavy vamping she would also put on thigh-length black rubber boots. As a matter of fact, looking through this volume, you get the feeling that modern fashion designers are getting their ideas from looking over old Buck Rogers strips.

Rogers' art-full dodgers

How much of all this can be attributed to Calkins is questionable, since obviously writer Nowlan was the dominant worker in their collaboration. Nowlan had a lot more imagination, as a writer, than Calkins did as an artist, that's manifestly clear. It was Nowlan who created the world of the 25th Century, which was quite elaborate indeed, and its technology, which as we have noted was nothing if not bizzare. The original gimmick of the strip concerned knocking out Buck Rogers by a strange gas, shortly after the end of WWI, and bringing him back to life six thousand years later. In the meantime, the Red Mongol hordes have swept over the earth, enslaving all other populations.

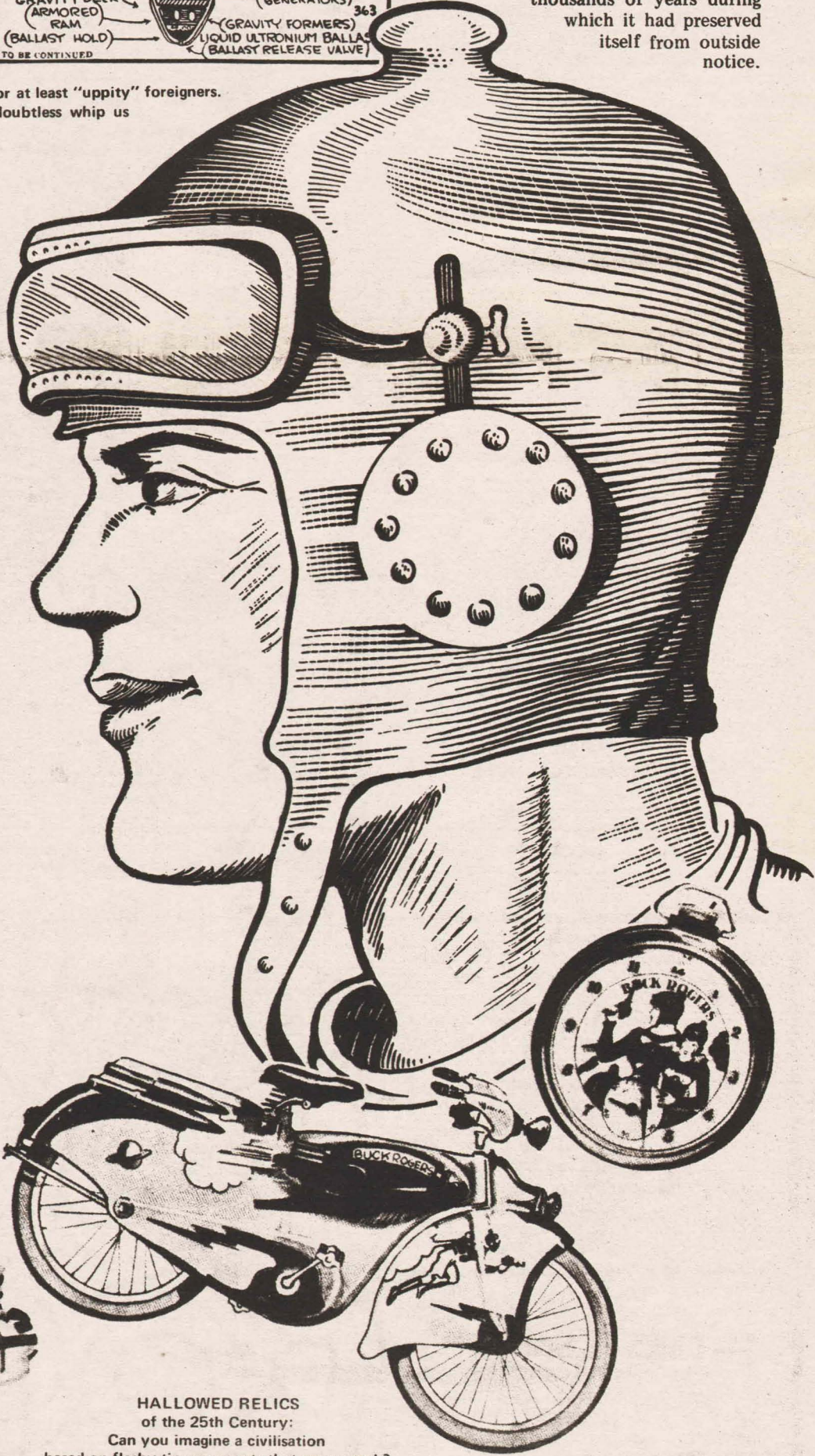
In North America, the people who escaped the domination of the Mongols have fled to the woods and established Orgzones — territorial governments — and they live in a sort of early Twentieth-Century civilization, only with pockets of wildly sophisticated war technology protecting them from the Mongols and the ever-threatening Tigermen of Mars. This sets up Buck and his sweetheart Wilma with a generous variety of antagonists, and two separate technologies with which to combat them. To fight the Mongols, for example, he uses old WWI biplanes, and against the

Martian Tigermen he flies those streamlined sausages, propelled by the 25th Century artificial element Inertron, which falls upward, carrying with it anything to which it is attached.

The main trouble with Nowlan's writing is this, that his imagination is so wildly inventive he can't bear to wait to employ it. Buck and Wilma will be impossibly embroiled in some situation with the Tigermen, for instance, and suddenly Nowlan will be seized with an irresistible idea for a gimmick which can only be employed against the Mongols: so one-two-three, some unbelievably improbable thing will occur to get Buck and Wilma out of their predicament, and they'll shoot back to Earth within the space of five panels, leaving the reader feeling he's been cheated out of some good narrative. But then, within another five or six panels they'll be in trouble again, and he'll forget all about the nastiness with the Martians.

a Herodotus on the map

But Nowlan's ideas, when he allows himself to elaborate them sufficiently, are certainly magnificent. For example, he spent a couple months of strips developing the secret civilization of Atlantis, which Buck Rogers discovers deep under the sea after thousands and thousands of years during which it had preserved itself from outside notice.



HALLOWED RELICS of the 25th Century:

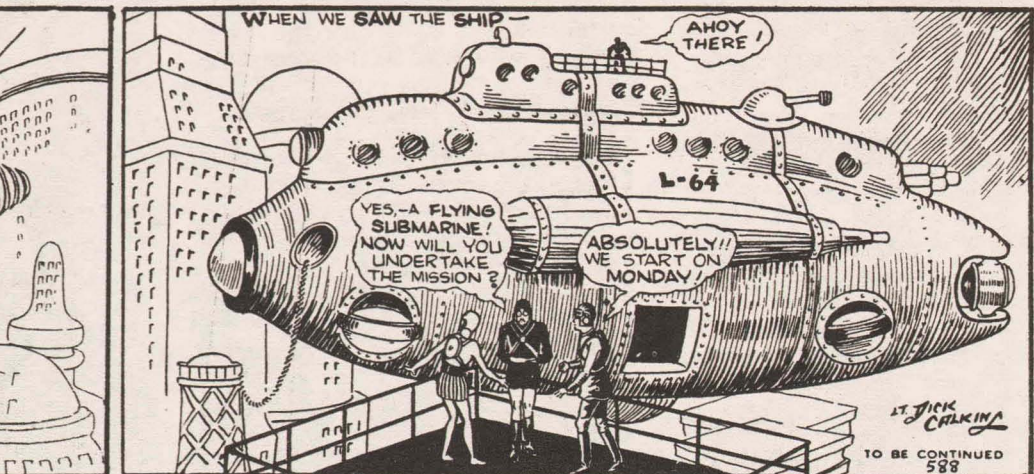
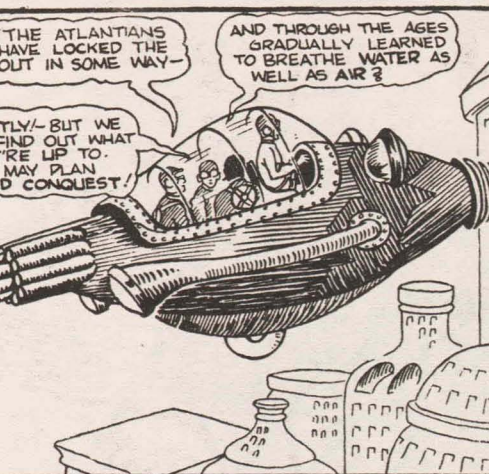
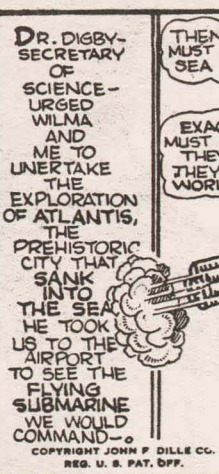
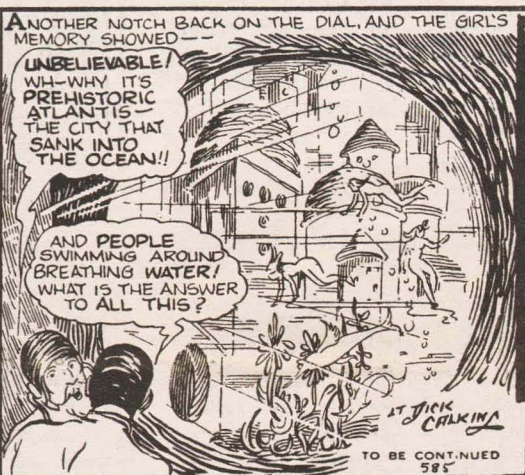
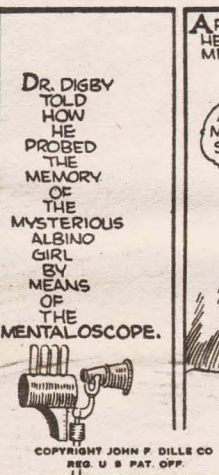
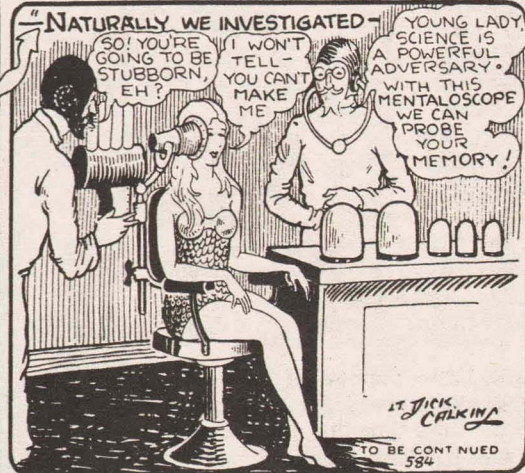
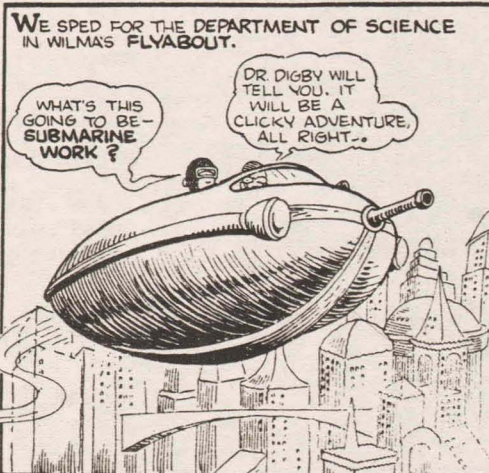
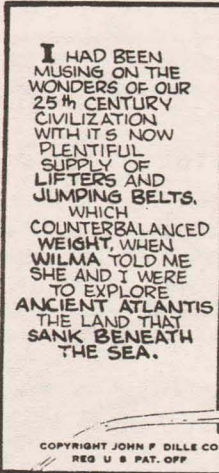
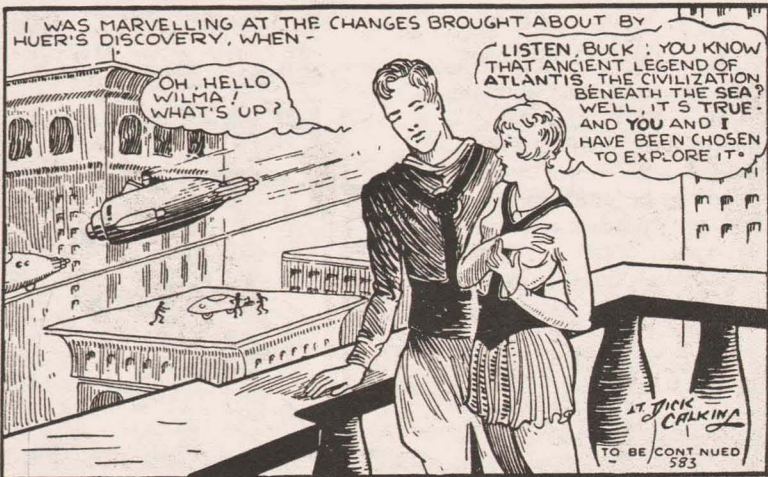
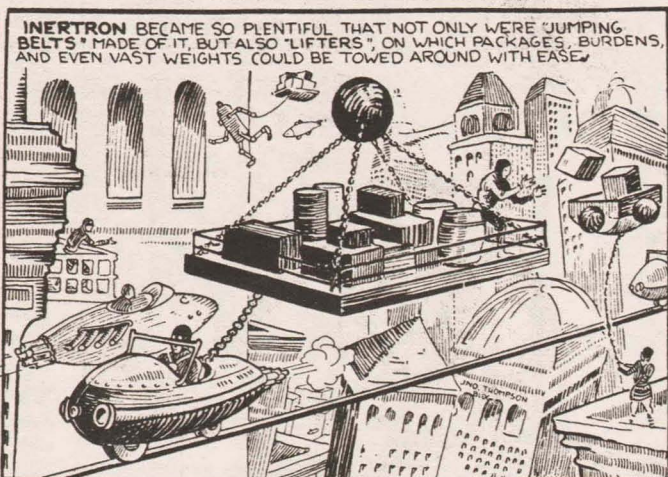
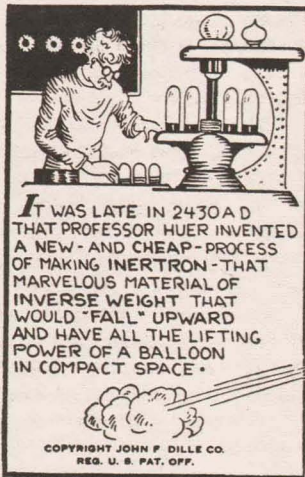
Can you imagine a civilisation

based on flashy tin ornaments that never work?

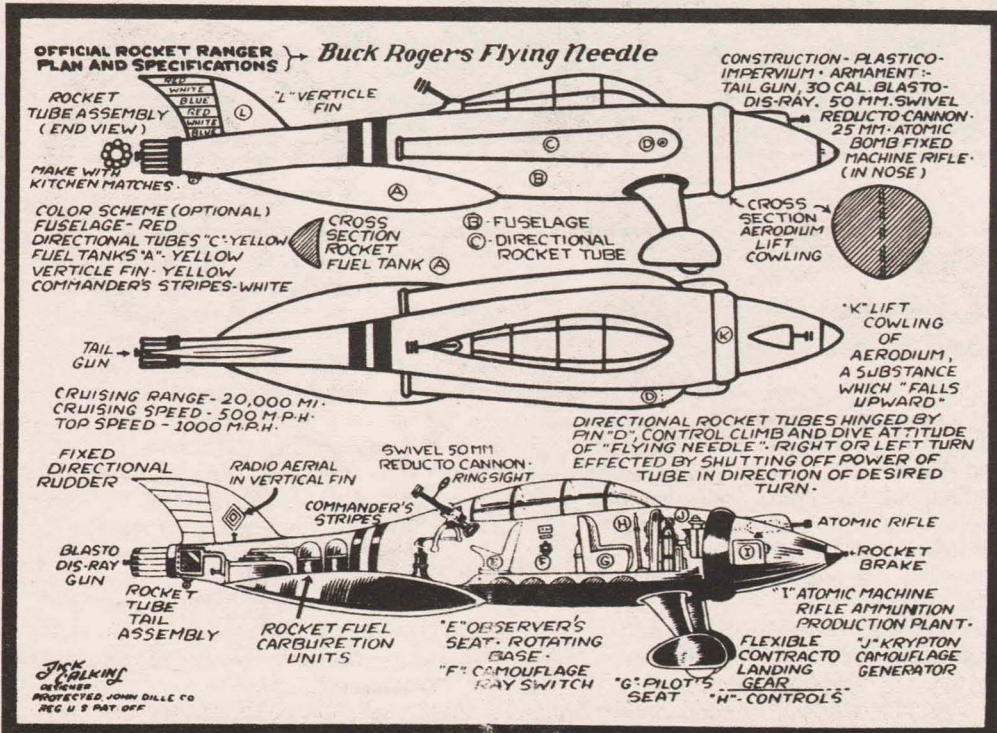
Broken bikes . . . wretched watches . . . rotten rockets . . .







ACCORDING TO THE LOUDEST CRACKPOTS, ATLANTIS SANK somewhere under the Spanish Main about 50,000 years ago. Other weirdos would have us know of another sunken civilisation in the Pacific Ocean called Mu, both waiting only to be discovered accidentally by Buck Rogers in the 25th Century.



According to this myth, Atlantis was a continent stretching from Cuba nearly to Portugal, complete with a super-civilization, which was caused to sink about fifty thousand years ago by the passing of 'a strange planet' by the Earth. Some of the survivors, fleeing to the South American mainland, became Aztecs; others, swimming in the opposite direction, became Greeks and Scythians (if you want to know who the Scythians were, look up Herodotus' *Histories*; they weren't very important, but they lived in teepees and smoked hemp.) Later on, an expedition of Atlanteans crashed on the Baltic coast, and became the Norsemen.

Still later, the Atlanteans settled Crete, which was the first real civilization of record. 'Our observers,' an old Atlantean tells Buck, 'watched the buildings of the pyramids. Our spies were with Alexander the Great when his Macedonian phalanx (only one phalanx? They musta been tough!) swept through India. Unknown to Caesar, there were Atlanteans among his Legionnaires.' And so on, up to the very 25th Century, where unsuspected Atlanteans still influence the course of

historical events.

This is the kind of thinking that endeared the *Buck Rogers* strip to generations of Americans. One of our favorite myths is that of a secret society - the Atlanteans, or the Masons, or the Catholics, or the Communists, or the Bavarian Illuminati, or the Rosicrucians - which secretly observes us and meddles with our destiny. To some this sort of myth is unsettling, while to most it is fascinating to the point of envy: wouldn't it be great to be omniscient and omnipotent?

### Buck fears pizza heartburn

Yes, Nowlan knew well how to keep Americans interested and entertained. Like, whenever there's any reference to the governments of Earth, all those governments seem to be located in the U.S.A. It's always Seattle, Fort Worth, Providence and Washington, never Calcutta or Beirut or Munich or Sydney. Buck Rogers flies to Mars at the drop of a hat, but you couldn't get him to Italy for all the money in the solar system.



There is a place, a vault of dreams where never realized plans and almost forgotten projects sit, alone and lost, on a dusty and cluttered shelf accumulating endless, endless time. Some were films that never came to be, and while many of these abandoned productions must be mourned over and lamented, there has been an occasional instance when the decision for change has been the right one, the proper one, a choice that forever shaped the history of motion pictures.

In 1940, the world was deprived of a film called "The War Eagle" that was to have been made by M.G.M. Had it been filmed the chances are great that the picture would have emerged a fantasy classic, for it was the project of General Merian C. Cooper, the man responsible for bringing to the screen the single most impressive fantasy film of all time.

"The War Eagle" was in its early planning stages when "Coop" returned to active military service, thereby terminating its production. A costly endeavor, the picture would have painted the fantastic portrait of a race of cavemen astride giant, prehistoric birds, who attempt to conquer modern day New York?

Does the basic premise of this plot sound familiar? It should, for this would have been the third time that a film based upon that plot had been produced.

The first film to have employed prehistoric creatures in a modern setting was First National's daring version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "The Lost World" released in 1925 and starring Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Bessie Love. However, it was the second attempt at filming this theme that truly captured the imagination of the theatre-going world and inspired unparalleled excitement for attending audiences nearly forty years after its original release.

### the film that almost wasn't

The film was, of course, "King Kong" and it was largely the end result of an idea formed years earlier in the mind of Merian Cooper, the creative genius behind some of the most exciting and visually impressive fare in the past fifty years. Many men with considerable talent helped to form what would have become the final version of "King Kong" but throughout its enumerable growing pains there seemed to be only one man who remained faithfully behind the project from its modest beginnings. Cooper, alone, persisted in his faith that "Kong" would one day become a reality, and were it not for his farsighted efforts on behalf of the world's most celebrated gorilla, "King Kong" would have turned out a very different film, indeed.

"King Kong" began to form in Cooper's mind as early as 1930, when he completed the first "treatment" of the story. From the beginning he had envisioned a modernistic re-telling of "The Beauty And The Beast" in which a giant gorilla would be transported from his home in a primitive jungle to the more polished skyscraper jungles of New York. There he would meet his end atop the tower of the awesome Empire State Building, fighting for his right to existence against civilization's bullet-spewing Pterodactyls.

### no tin lizards, they!

Cooper's fascination with apes stemmed from his days in Africa shooting footage, with his close friend and associate Ernest B. Schoedsack, for their silent adventure classic, "Four Feathers", but the force that triggered his inspiration for "Kong" would seem to have been the publication of "The Dragon Lizards Of Komodo", the true story of nine-foot carnivorous lizards on Komodo Island in the East Indies.

The book was written by a friend of Cooper's, W. Douglas Burden, a director at the Museum of Natural History in New York City, and set Cooper thinking of how easy it would be to utilize these lizards within the framework of his film. He would take a camera crew to Africa

Continued from page 1

## THE MEN WHO SAVED

# King Kong

A rare publicity still of Coop with Fay Wray, as he hypes her into accepting role. "Tell me about them airplanes again," says Fay. (Incidentally, the poster on page one of MT was created by our Art Department from never-before-printed unfinished poster art from Kong's first ad campaign. More of same, issue after next!)



once again and shoot footage of a normal gorilla, and then transport that animal to the island of Komodo for a fight with an actual dragon. Later at the studio he could always enlarge both of the animals on film to make them appear abnormally large.

Cooper consulted with Burden about a name to call his huge protagonist. "Coop" seemed to have an affinity for names of one syllable in his previous productions, and the more unusual sounding they were the happier he would be. As all of the native dialogue used in the final film was to be authentic, he finally decided upon using the islander's word for gorilla which happened to be "KONG". He added a title to his character to impress his power upon the audience and the simple result was King

Gorilla, or as in the preferred translation, "King Kong."

### back-breaking backing back in broke-days

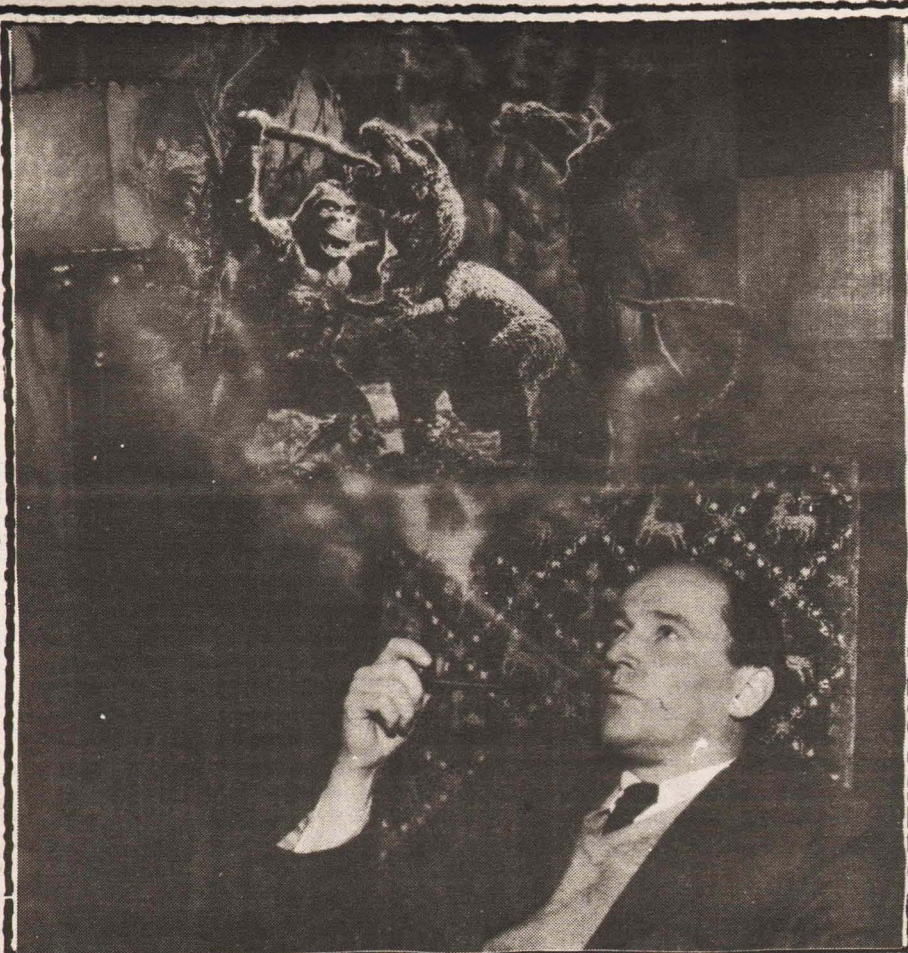
Now, the problem was to find studio backing—not an easy task in a depression. Famed film producer David O. Selznick and his brother, Myron, were in New York trying to raise money in hopes of beginning a new, independent production company that David would head. Cooper presented the idea to the Selznicks but they had their own problems at the time and "Kong" was just not ready for production yet. The moment had not yet arrived.

The year was 1931 and in September of that year David Selznick became

executive vice president in charge of production at R.K.O. The studio had suffered through years of mis-management and was on the verge of bankruptcy. Selznick was handed the enormous task of saving the company. One of his first official decisions was to call in his old friend, Merian Cooper, to assist him in cleaning up the mess. One of Cooper's assignments was to evaluate projects either in, or planned for production that were held over from the previous regime. Decisions would be made then on whether or not they were worth continuing or if it would be financially wiser to simply scrap the projects and move ahead to newer, sounder adventures.

Here, fate stepped into the life of "Coop" and his pet project, for among





Coop's original pipe dream—conjuring up Kong in a kloud of tobacco-smoke, Meriam C. Cooper posed for this promotional still, from the collection of Kong expert, author Steve Vertlieb. This supposed visualizing came after the fact—below is an even more rare scrap of artwork—one of ace animator, Willis O'Brien's own preliminary sketches which he made for "Coop" to convince RKO budget bigwigs to actually produce KING KONG.



the productions he was asked to look into and evaluate was a proposed feature length picture to deal with the beginnings of our planet and portray prehistoric animals on the screen. The film was titled "Creation" and it introduced Cooper to an ambitious special effects technician named Willis O'Brien.

O'Brien had almost single-handedly invented a marvelous photographic process called Stop Motion that he had used very successfully six years earlier in another film called "The Lost World."

However, the art was still in its infancy when "Obie" made "The Lost World" for First National and he had been working hard on perfecting it while at R.K.O. Many of the bugs had been taken out since 1925, and O'Brien was prepared to prove it.

### Kong walked tall —but S-L-O-W !

As he explained to Cooper, Stop Motion was the slow, tedious procedure

of animating inanimate objects. The process was nearly identical to the method of bringing cartoons to life on the screen, except that he worked with small, rubber dolls that were built pliable enough to permit movement of the body.

To give his animals the illusion of life he would move a limb a tiny fraction of an inch and then proceed to shoot some frames of that movement. Then he would stop the camera and set up the animal for another shot by positioning the limb of the animal into a slightly altered angle. After that he would start the camera rolling again and shoot some further frames.

When all of the various body movements were recorded on film and played back it appeared to the viewer that the animals were moving of their own accord and possessed a very real life force of their own.

Cooper was deeply impressed with the possibilities of using this special technique on the screen. However, it wasn't the filming of Obie's "Creation" that excited him but the thought of using Stop Motion procedures in his own, unborn film of "King Kong." By creating models of the animals he would not only be able to shoot the entire picture in the studio, thereby eliminating the need for extensive "location" filming half way around the world, but he would be able to achieve undreamed-of authenticity in the appearance and movements of his animals. This was the beginning of a dream come true for Cooper.

Destiny had brought these two men together to film the most astounding motion picture of the age. Now, all Cooper had to do was convince the board of directors at R.K.O.

### kill a gorilla with a small bankbook

The New York executives weren't

knew it but he had little choice. He could either make the test reel and hope for approval or start from the beginning again by seeking backing elsewhere. There was no choice. He had to go ahead. Choosing what sequence to put on film would not be an easy decision. Whatever he presented to the board of directors would really have to excite their imaginations and stimulate their wallets.

He made his choice. The scene to be filmed would be of the giant ape violently shaking the frightened men off of the log and into a great pit below. Additionally, some footage of Kong's battle with a huge Allosaurus in the primeval jungle would be shot.

### "baby" in a tin can

The big day arrived at last as Cooper arrived at the sales meeting with his "baby" tucked under his arm. The sales meeting was called to order, the men took their seats, and the projector began to reel off a very special single reel of film. This was to be the ultimate moment. When the lights came on again Cooper had his answer. There was overwhelming enthusiasm for the footage and he was granted immediate permission to begin work on "King Kong." Cooper had won his victory, and "Kong" would at last be made.

Cooper had now been promoted to a higher post. He was Selznick's executive assistant. He was producing two films simultaneously for the studio. His partner, Schoedsack, was to co-direct "Kong" with Cooper, while also directing the second Cooper production, "The Most Dangerous Game" on alternating sound stages. Identical sets and nearly identical players populated the work crews and locations of both pictures. They were, indeed, sister productions.

An important part of the filming of "King Kong" was to be a great wall that



The character actor of the '30's, Noble Johnson, forever immortalized in the eternal classic, KING KONG, as the cautious village chief.

CLASS OF '33—An extremely rare group shot of cast and producer. Fellow in center with hat and pipe is M.C. Cooper . . . to his left is Robert Armstrong who played Cooper-ish empresario, Carl Denham . . . Remarkable resemblance, eh, wot?



quite as excited about the plan as General Cooper and Willis O'Brien. Radio Pictures was on such insecure footing at this stage that the directors would probably have balked at investing a penny for a stick of gum. In their favor, however, was the complete and continued support of David Selznick. It was this support that prompted the worried executives in New York to authorize the filming of just one reel which would be shown at a future sales meeting. After the accountants could get a look at what it was Cooper was trying to peddle to them they might have a better idea of the picture's marketability.

Cooper was in a tight bind and he

separated the native population from Kong and his assortment of monstrous companions. It would have to be enormous and magnificent. Hollywood is a town saturated with props from films gone by and films yet to be made. Cooper set about visiting the town he knew so well in search of a wall. He didn't have much luck.

### King of Kings into Kong of Kongs

Returning home he began to wander about the forty acre back lot of R.K.O. Pathe in Culver City. What was it someone said about your own back yard?



## "Them Rockettes are sure a tough act to follow."

Staring him in the face was the skeleton of a huge gate that Cecil B. DeMille had built years earlier for his production of the classic "King of Kings." Coop "appropriated" the gate and quickly assigned a crew of studio workmen to remodel the structure for his purposes. He ordered two giant doors built for the center of the wall and fabricated a native village in miniature directly in front of the wall. (In some shots of the wall in the finished film one can spot certain Roman looking columns held over from the DeMille film.)

Meanwhile, Selznick had decided to go elsewhere for employment, and departed R.K.O. for Metro Goldwyn Mayer. In his place as Production Head of the studio was his former assistant. Cooper was now fully in charge.

as follows: "King Kong" By Edgar Wallace and Merian C. Cooper; Novelized By Delos W. Lovelace.

Cooper had kept his promise.

As it turned out, ninety-five percent of "King Kong" was filmed directly on the studio lot just as Cooper had predicted. There was very little actual location footage done and costs were kept at a minimum. Kong's sole public appearance as "Carl Denham's Monster" in New York City was filmed at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. The scenes entering the theatre, in the seated audience, and presented on the stage were all shot entirely in one day.

There the captive, bound tight to a wooden cross, bore an uncomfortable resemblance to the crucifixion of Christ; Kong of Kongs!



"The Eighth Wonder of the World!"  
Denham & company display a Crucified Kong of Kongs... but King won't hang around on that Kross for long!



"When I was on Kong Island, I shot a brontosaurus in my safari—how he got in my safari, I'll never know" is what Groucho might have said, had he been along on Carl Denham's expedition.

### shiftless spiders snidely snipped

Generally assumed to have been a part of the original test reel was a brief sequence that involved huge, carnivorous spiders. When the angered "Kong" shakes his unfortunate victims off the lot and into the ravine below they are hungrily devoured by the waiting spiders. While the print was still being cut, and in its "work" stages Cooper decided that the spiders slowed up the pacing of the film. He wanted to keep it tight at all times so he deleted the scene, and it was never shown to anyone outside of the immediate studio complex.

Famed mystery writer Edgar Wallace was under contract to R.K.O. at this time and was assigned the task of writing a scenario based on Cooper's original story. Cooper agreed to share screen and book credit for authorship with Wallace. Wallace died before he ever had an opportunity to work on the screenplay of the film so Coop was without a writer temporarily. Ruth Rose was a writer that he had great respect for and she was, coincidentally, married to Schoedsack. Cooper decided to keep it in the family and so he assigned Miss Rose, along with fellow writer, James Creelman to compose the final script. For the official novelization he turned to an old newspaper friend, Delos W. Lovelace, who wrote a faithful adaptation of the story. The novel was published by Grosset and Dunlap in 1933 and the author's credit at the top of the page read

The sequences taken aboard Captain Englehorn's embattled old steamer were really filmed on a tramp steamer in San Pedro Harbor.

Rather than display Kong on a theatrical stage as was finally agreed upon, Cooper's first conception of that unveiling was to present Kong to New York in a huge, outdoor stadium in broad daylight. Choices being considered for the location were Madison Square Garden and Yankee Stadium. O'Brien went as far as sketching his version of the scene when the director decided in favor of the theatre. Presumably, the Shrine Auditorium was intended to represent New York's Radio City Music Hall.

### hands across the (animator's) table

O'Brien drew a series of preliminary sketches of the animal at various stages of the film. As in the film, the cities and jungles were fashioned by Mario Larrinaga and Byron L. Crabbe.

All of the animals in the picture were built by the skilled hands of Marcel Delgado, model maker supreme.

Throughout the long history of "Monster" movies, technicians have striven to create new, and blood-curdling sounds to emanate from the vocal chords of their creations. Kong's fierce, never to be forgotten roar was achieved by the recording, at half speed, of a fully grown lion which was then printed in reverse on the sound track.

"King Kong" was completed after one

year at a cost of approximately \$650,000.00. A full-size bust of Kong was put on display in the forecourt of Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood for the premiere. It was the very same full-scale bust that was used in the production of the movie for some of the closeups of Kong's face. Of course, the majority of the ape's appearances on the screen were filmed in Obie's "Stop Motion" process but there were several times in the run of the film that the full scale bust was used. The one scene in the film in which a man was dressed in a monkey suit was in the final scene of the movie: Charles Gemorah, long associated with playing animals in pictures, donned the gorilla suit for the long shot of Kong climbing up the side of the Empire State Building for his final battle.

### music for MAXimum effect

In an adventure film like "King Kong" music plays a vastly important role in creating the proper atmosphere. In many instances film music can make a good film seem better than it actually is. And as for the bad ones, this writer long ago lost count of the miserable pictures that were literally saved by an excellent music score. Similarly, a bad music score can critically wound a decent film. In the case of "Kong", this was one picture that appeared to have everything going for it. The head of R.K.O.'s music department until 1936 was Max Steiner, a man considered by many film historians to be

the most prolific composer of the screen. In his unpublished autobiography, "On The Right Track", Steiner recalls the growing skepticism on the part of R.K.O.'s executive officers regarding the box office appeal of "Kong." They had to be repeatedly won over as a collective paranoia recurred over and over again. They thought that the gorilla looked unreal and rather phony, and they were no longer sold on the animated sequences. When it came time for scoring the film they advised Steiner to merely borrow tracks from previous studio films and dub them into the soundtrack of "Kong." The word was out that no additional money was to be wasted on a film that might turn out to be the ruination of an already dying studio. In other words—no new score and no costly arrangements.

### MaxenSteiner's monster

Fortunately, Cooper re-entered the scene and proved his complete faith in "Kong" once again. "Coop" urged Steiner to write a fresh score for the film and reassured him that he would pay any extra costs from his own pocket. The result was Steiner's finest hour, the dynamic, heart pounding score for "King Kong." The composer set about creating a vast plain of emotional experience set to music. From the moment the film begins with the ominous three bars that fans around the globe universally recognize as Kong's Theme, to the final, memorable fadeout the listener is caught in a raging onslaught of sound. The slow, gradually building tension of the first hint of arrival on Skull Island is masterfully conveyed as Steiner subtly integrates the deceptive sound of breakers near the shore with the warning drums of unseen natives from somewhere on the beach. As Denham and his crew cautiously leave the shelter of their ship, and enter the apparently empty village they hear a distant chanting somewhere near the great wall up ahead of them.

As they walk steadily nearer the sounds gain strength and momentum until at last the intruders come upon a dazzling sight: the ritualistic sacrifice of a young maiden to something the natives continually call "KONG, KONG."

However, the momentary safety of the explorers on Skull Island is abruptly interrupted when the tribal chief catches sight of them, and calls a halt to the proceedings. Steiner accents every movement of the chief's strut as he walks toward the intruders. His slow, deliberate steps are contrasted dramatically by the wild, gyrating advance of the menacing



# the Monster Market

**G**rave-robbing may be out of style, but fan exploitation isn't. Monster fans deserve a reliable market-test to rely upon before sending money to all-too monstrous manufacturers. Therefore, to dull the fangs of some vampires of our industry, we at MT innovate The Monster Market to product test items, and report accurately on them — and about the bargains, too!

**IMPORTANT!** If we are really going to be able to keep the monster magnates in line, we'll need your help. Please write in and tell us of your experience in the monster market, whether it be good, bad or none of the above. Write to THE MONSTER TIMES, c/o The Monster-Market, P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011.

witch doctor. This is only a prelude to the unrestrained frenzy of the natives as they invite KONG to partake of their gift, the now captive Ann Darrow. It is here that Steiner captures the fury, and vengeful fanaticism of the island's populace in an intoxicated rage. The music begins as the natives are already swept up by the exhilaration of what they plan to do. It throbs, and builds to a fever pitch, exuding an excitement from the screen that cannot fail to touch anyone in the viewing audience, and concludes sharply, abruptly at its very peak leaving the helpless spectator literally gasping for his breath.

Sheet music for piano was published for the score, and Steiner recorded a fifteen minute suite from the film with the R.K.O. Studio Orchestra.

## The Prophet Said (as prophets must) . . .

The music wonderfully sets the pace at the outset for what is to come, but it is aided almost mystically by the mysterious "Old Arabian Proverb" that precedes the story's unravelling and stands as a profoundly beautiful warning to all who may fall under the spell of the goddess of love: "And The Prophet Said—And lo, the beast looked upon the face of beauty. And it stayed its hand



IS THIS THE END?—well, for this issue it is. Be back four weeks from now for KING KONG—Part Two!

from killing. And from that day, it was as one dead." The old Arabian proverb was written for the film by that old Arabian, Merian C. Cooper, as a part of his original treatment for the film in 1930, and has since become a genuine slice of American mythology.

## ISSUE AFTER NEXT How To Sell A Gorilla!

Part two of Steve Vertlieb's *Chronicles of Kong*; some rarely known or remembered Kong curiosities; rare old posters and advertisements, anecdotes about the gala premier, and other merchandising highlights of the 'Greatest Campaign on Earth!', portfolios of never-before-seen poster art, and much, much more!

# 100 STICK-ON STAMPS of the SCARIEST MOVIE MONSTERS

POST PAID  
NO C.O.D.

\$1



L & G PRODUCTS Dept. HR-1  
18 East 41 Street Room 1501  
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ sets of 100 MONSTER STAMPS.  
I enclose \$1 for each set.

Name (Print) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Misleading advertising in REVERSE . . . A rotten ad, but a pretty good product.

Product Tested: 100 "movie Monster" Stamps.

Available at: L&G Products, Box 532, Bellmore, N.Y. 11710.

Price: \$1.00 per set of 100.

"100 Stick-On Stamps of the Scariest Movie Monsters!"—they gotta be kidding,

editorial offices, not, as one would assume, to L&G products. And that's the trouble.

It took us well over two whole months until we got the stamps. They finally arrived a couple days before final deadline of our first issue. If you have any notions about giving the monster

old-fashioned, "Yankee Trading". Though we recommend the stamps, we wouldn't advise you to buy a coffin from these folk . . . you'd wake up with evening backache and cramped wings.

Whoever chose the 100 monsters really knew his stuff. We can't say they are the "scariest"—not with a straight face, anyway. But they are some of our favorites.

Lon Chaney is represented three times, by our count; as the one-eyed man in *The Road to Mandalay*, as the incomparable Hunchback, and as (natch!) *The Phantom*. Nosferatu, the first screen Dracula, is there, although slightly re-touched, and ol' John Barrymore, the first great Mr. Hyde, is represented, also. The first filmed incarnation of Frankenstein's monster (albeit it was a 15-minute jobbie produced by Thomas Edison and played by someone named Charles Ogle) is there too.

And there's the cyclops from Ray Harryhausen's special effects shelf from *7th Voyage of Sinbad*, and Frankenstein (naturally Karloff), and five-count-em-five different versions of the wolfman (including the beast, from the French version of *Beauty and the Beast*), and at least three acceptable versions of *The Mummy*. And many more, each one different. Nary a one insufficient. Surprisingly, a good buy.

With that going for them (the peculiar whatchamacallit called Quality), it's sort of a shame that they had to show a carefully hand-picked selection of their crumbiest stamps to advertise their product. It doesn't make sense somehow. Who goofed? Naturally, there's bound to be a few near-misses in every batch of 100 of the "scariest" movie monsters, but good-gosh, do they have to *boast* about them? Someone ought to re-do their ad.

Still, you're getting more than you bargained for—one of the stamps is of a two-headed man. That makes a nice odd figure of 101.

—Chuck McNaughton



## Not bad for a Buck!

said we. With a gosh-awful ad like that, it's gotta be the "scariest" waste of a buck yet. But we took the gamble and were pleasantly shocked to find we were wrong. But the ad should be re-written to read; "100 Stick-On Stamps of the Greatest Film Monsters—Printed in Livid Stomach-Churning GREEN!" This would better describe the product, and probably sell more of them.

You must be familiar with the ad for the "100 Stick-On Stamps of the Scariest Movie Monsters." It's common to all the Skywald "horror" comic magazines. The address on the ad coupon is to Skywald's

stamps (or probably any other of the Skywald-advertised products) as any sort of present, you had better order at least a full one-third of a year beforehand. We've given the real address of L&G Products, above. If you order directly from them, and skip the middlemen (Skywald), you just *might* get them a little sooner, but don't hold your breath!

The stamps themselves were a surprise. They're pretty good. They are also about one-eighth of an inch smaller than the "samples" presented in the ad, but that's not particularly what one might call mis-leading advertising. Just wholesome,



Destiny just keeps chugging along through this first issue of the **MONSTER TIMES** — a journal reporting duly upon "firsts." Not wishing to alienate fans of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein, which first brought Boris Karloff to the imagination of the American public, we present this specially commissioned poster-portrait visual allegory of **FRANKENSTEIN**, as conceived by master horror-illustrator, **BERNI WRIGHTSON**.

This is the first of many centerfold spectaculars; visual treats designed just for you and your wall.

Yon gargantuan mini-sistine-chapel of horror and ghoulish draftsmanship before you is suitable for ye framing. All C-folds will be, in fact . . . just another example of how the unemployed elves and expatriate gnomes of the Black Forest busy here at **THE MONSTER TIMES** are always thinking of you.

Next issue's poster: **STAR TREK!** — by Gray Morrow!

In future issues we'll be presenting such goodies as a portfolio of production sketches and the lost ad campaign art of **KING KONG!** At other times we'll feature our giant tabloid-sized comic art pages in color in this center spotlight.

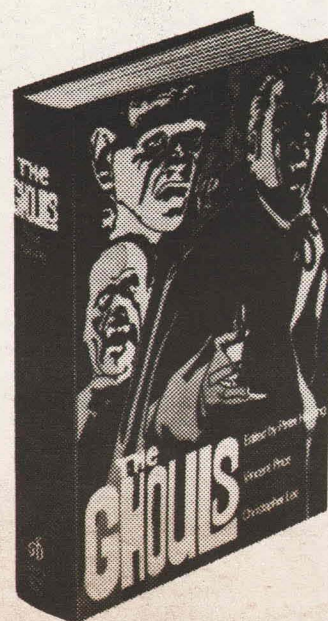
As an extra bonus, we also present in this issue (on pages 20 & 21) **NOSFERATU** in comic book form, conceived brilliantly by Berni's burgeoning baneful brush.







LARRY TODD



### THE GHOULS

edited by Peter Haining with an introduction by Vincent Price and an afterword by Christopher Lee \$7.95

Peter Haining's *THE GHOULS* is an anthology of nineteen stories which have found their way (in some form or another), to the screen as horror films. That is, some of them are horror films, others are monster flicks. Editor Haining has produced several other anthologies, including a competent one on vampires; *THE MIDNIGHT PEOPLE*.

*THE GHOULS* is published by Stein and Day, for the truly blood-curdling sum of \$7.95. Its other attributes, (apart from the impressive price tag), a garish cover done in early Grand Guignol and ziptone, with hints of decadence and bad taste, (the inside cover is even worse; its in Dayglo Christmas colors with a reproduction of Christopher Lee yawning) an introduction by Vincent Price, an editor's forward, an afterword by Christopher Lee, and stills from the films.

The stories are by Ambrose Bierce,

Edgar Poe, H.P. Lovecraft, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bram Stoker, Nikolai Gogol, and Robert Louis Stevenson to name a random few. Literary excellence, and the role these stories have played in the history of the horror film are Mr. Haining's chief considerations.

The stories are, on the whole, excellent. Some, such as Tod Robbins' *SPURS* and Gaston Leroux's *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*, have inspired, respectively, the cine-masterpieces *FREAKS*, and the immortal Chaney film. Others, Poe's *THE OBLONG BOX*, for example, have been butchered and transformed beyond



**Boris Karloff as THE BODY SNATCHER:** recognition. As Boris Karloff once remarked during an interview "Poor Poe, the things we did to him when he wasn't around to defend himself."

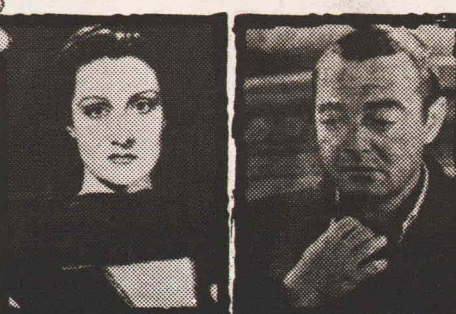
The best story is W.F. Harvey's grisly *THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS*; a classic which has been anthologized since



Lon Chaney as THE OPERA'S FAN-DO

the Flood, and is perhaps one of the most frightening stories of all time. Also good are Poe's *THE SYSTEM OF DOCTOR TARR AND PROFESSOR FETHER*, Nathaniel Hawthorne's *FEATHERTOP*, and Nikolai Gogol's *THE VIY*.

Harvey's *BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS* concerns a man relentlessly persecuted by (and finally murdered by) his dead uncle's possessed hand. A beautifully crafted piece of work, from its subtle beginning to its climactic ending, it was, unfortunately, made into an undistinguished film in 1947. That it



DRAC'S DAUGHTER, Loretta's 5-fingered beast

survives at all, despite its typical 1940's gimmick ending, is due entirely to the acting ability of the late Peter Lorre. And the pauperdom of Warner Brothers TV department.

*THE SYSTEM OF DR. TARR AND PROFESSOR FETHER* deals with the

Continued on page 30



## Fan Club Info...

*THE MONSTER TIMES* is for multi-media maniacs...for fans of monsters and science fiction, for fanatical enthusiasts of comic art, for old time radio buffs, movie serial freaks, and others like that. We cater to many tastes, and are a grab-bag of weird stuff.

In short order, we shall be establishing a *MONSTER TIMES FAN CLUB*, with sporadic special news releases, buttons, posters, T-shirts, and all sorts of other interesting paraphernalia. Not just the usual fan club, either. We're pretty disappointed by most so-called monster products and gizmos currently being marketed, and so are pioneering whole new lines of our own nerve-numbing, nick-knacks.

On page 29 we have a *CONVENTION CALENDAR*, listing a few upcoming fan conventions for next few months. You'll find pertinent info about the *STARTREK CON* (Jan 21-23)—and we'd like to urge you here to attend, if you in any way like *STAR TREK* (it's being re-run on local TV stations until 1975).

The theme of our *entire* next issue will be *STAR TREK*, incidentally, and will be released January 19th. We're skipping our continuing articles begun this issue to our third ish, to make room enough for: an interview with William Shatner (Captain Kirk), a portrait of Leonard Nimoy (Mr. Spock) stills of the show's monsters, special effects, production

secrets, little-known info and other spell-binding curiosities, not to mention dozens of their stunning scenes in great photos, a specially-commissioned Gray Morrow poster in color, and a treat—a special spoof photo-comic made from stills of the show. And an article on writing the *STAR TREK* comics by the guy who writes em; Len Wein. And much, much more.

By the way, there are such things as fan-zines (fan-made-magazines) and we'll be doing more reporting and reviewing of them, showing their nifty far-out comic art and illustration. They've got interesting articles as well as great un-seen comix, and are well worth your more-than-casual attention.

Hey Gang!  
Remember the Atomic Bomb? Recollect the ol' Hydrogen Bomb? And the "A" Bomb that gave birth to *RODAN* and *GODZILLA*? The "H" bomb that caused *THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN* to dwindle to nothingness? And the Bomb that made the *AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN* grow to a height of 50 feet?

Remember the invention that transformed a man of flesh and blood into a superman of steel, making him *THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN ALIVE*? And what about the "scientific breakthrough" that unleashed a race of *THEM* giant ants, to swarm, spreading death and destruction across the American Desert? And of course the doomsday devices that



# THEM!

Clawing up from the Earth's Steaming Depths!

invited strange messengers from dim, distant planets, scurrying like concerned tourists to our little old Earth to warn mankind of its *Dangerous New Powers*? And you surely remember the many times the Bomb reduced our bustling, happy world to a vast wasteland of radioactive ash. On film, anyway.

Well, we do! That's why we're going to take a trip down Memory Lane (the one that glowed mysteriously in the dark), noting nostalgically the Good Old Bad Days, when, on every lead-lined silverscreen there popped up bumper crops of...



By JOE KANE

# MUSHROOM MONSTERS

or: The Day The World Ended & Ended...

Atomic Bomb. Hydrogen Bomb. Radioactive Fallout. Fallout Shelter. Overkill. These were only a few of the new and peculiar terms that were ushered in by the advent of nuclear energy and the atomic bomb to dwarf the befuddled human mind. And there was a good reason for this fear, for the terrible carnage that the Atom Bomb could wreak on people and property had already been demonstrated in 1945 in Nagasaki and Hiroshima, Japan, at the expense of some 150,000 lives and countless other victims who would bear the drastic and permanent scars of nuclear abuse.

As the nuclear arms race between the United States and Russia got fully underway in the Fearful

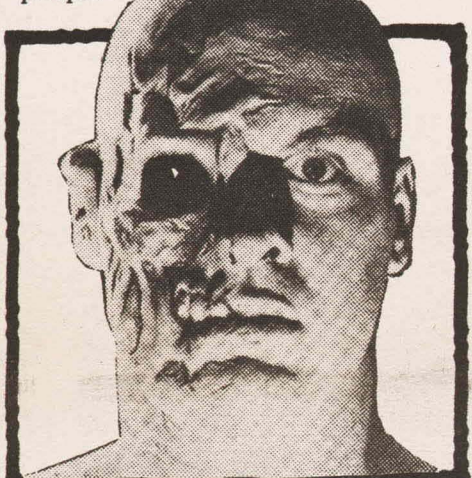
Fifties, these terms grew to take on increasingly powerful and terrifying meaning as people throughout the world began to realize that they were living under the frightening shadow of instant and total destruction. A terrible equality had been born.

Filmmakers were quick to pick up on the theme of The Bomb and its awesome potential for human contamination and world annihilation. They, like the general population, were less interested in the positive use of nuclear energy because its capacity for damage was so overwhelming and, in a human sense, limitless, that the fears and guilt its presence inspired had to be dealt with first. Film audiences

were simultaneously repulsed and fascinated by The Bomb. And there were chilling questions they wanted answered—that had to be answered, or at least explored—even if only by the Hollywood imagination.

And there were many questions indeed:

What could the Bomb do to people?



From "The Amazing Colossal Man" To "War of the Colossal Beasts"

What unimaginable mutations would take place in the human body, mind, and spirit?

What terrible distortions of Nature would result?

What kind of world would be left after a nuclear world war?

Would there be any survivors at all?

If so, would mankind revert to a primitive, prehistoric way of life, foraging for animal survival in a world-wide primal jungle?

The filmmakers, like the science-fiction writers in the literary world, assigned themselves the task of offering possible answers to those questions posed by the impolite presence of The Bomb. Between 1950 and 1965, scores of movies dealing in one way or another with the deadly presence of nuclear energy mushroomed on the screen. Generally they concentrated on the theme of the human misuse of this potent but

morally neutral force.

Four general types of film emerged: (1) *the Human-Mutation film*, (2) *the Return of the Prehistoric Beast film*, (3) *the Post-World Destruction film*, and (4) *the Warning From Space film*.

Each of these four film categories and the monsters each produced, will be discussed in four separate articles in four future issues of *THE MONSTER TIMES*.

Horrible mutations, the re-awakening of dinosaurs and other early monsters, atomically-induced disasters, and unearthly visitors with messages of doom—all brands of nuclear nightmare flooded the American movie screen during this period. Ironically enough, the only other country to really explore the dangers of nuclear abuse in film was Japan—the only actual victim of the Bomb's wrath. The Russians, who were working night and day to build an atomic arsenal that can destroy the world merely 60 times-over (as compared with our 100 times-over) oddly found nothing of entertainment value in their much tested but untried new toys. They just didn't join in the fun.

One of the first films that set out to depict the effects of nuclear war was Arch Oboler's *Five*, released in 1950. Oboler, who had already developed a reputation in the world of science-fiction and horror through his famous spell-binding *Lights Out!* radio broadcasts in the 30's and 40's (considered second only to Orson Welles' legendary hysteria-inspiring broadcast of *War of the Worlds*), occasionally turned to film as a medium for his many talents, directing *Bewitched* (1945), *The Twonky*, the tale of a walking, talking TV-set like an antennae'd invader from space (1953), and a 3-D effort, *Bwana Devil* (1952).

*Five* was a deeply felt, highly

Continued on page 31

"The Incredible Shrinking Man"





# NOSFERATU

BREMEN, GERMANY, OCT. 2, 19—

GUSTAV HUNTER, REAL ESTATE AGENT, PREPARED FOR A DISTANT TRIP.



GUSTAV, PLEASE BE CAREFUL... I'VE HEARD TALES OF THAT COUNTRY...

ELLEN, MY SWEET... THEY'RE MERELY CHILDHOOD FANTASIES...

PERHAPS! BUT THE SECRETIVE INNER WORLD OF THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS HAS SEEN STRANGE THINGS ESCAPE ITS FOG-SHROUDED BORDERS.

TRANSYLVANIA, OCT. 11, 19—

A JOURNEY OF FIRST SHIP, THEN TRAIN, NOW SPECTRAL COACH, WINDS ITS WAY PAST THE LAST TRACES OF MODERNITY INTO A LAND WHERE TIME IS SEEMINGLY TRAPPED SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE AGES. PEASANTS DRESSED OF YEARS PAST HAD INCANTED OMINOUS SLAVIC GUTTURALS LADEN WITH DEMONIC IMPLICATIONS.



THE MOUNTAINOUS ASCENT THROUGH ROCK-STREWN PATHS WAS AIDED BY A BRIGHT, LEPROUS ORANGE MOON STRUNG ABOVE THE BLACK AND GRAY LANDSCAPE. THERE WAS NO DISCERNABLE LIFE SAVE THE FLEETING SHADOWS OF BEASTS AND BATS AND MOUNTAIN RODENTIA. SOON, THE CASTLE LOOMED CLOSE AND BEFORE THE MASSIVE DOORS, THE HOST...

## COUNT ORLOCK



AH! WELCOME, MR. HUNTER! YOU MAY REST NOW FROM YOUR TRIP. WE'LL DISCUSS BUSINESS LATER!

SLEEP INDEED, POOR GUSTAV, WHILE A SERPENTINE FIGURE CRAWLS TO YOUR BEDSIDE, SEEKING TO DEPRIVE YOU OF YOUR LIFE'S SOURCE AND GIVE YOU ETERNAL REST, BUT SOMEWHERE ABOVE THE SEPARATION OF MANY MILES, A BATTLE OF DARK AND LIGHT IS WAGED AND WON...  
...BY A WHISPER...



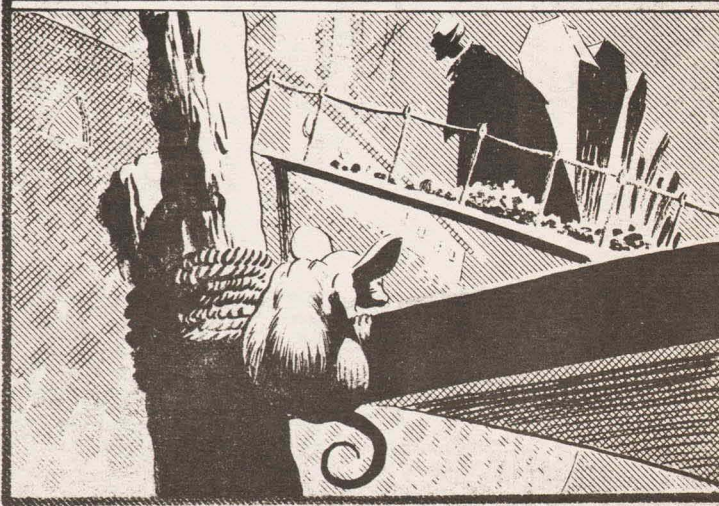
GUSTAV...  
...GUSTAV...

THE POWER OF LOVE PIERCES TIME AND SPACE...

...DEALING THE HUMAN REPTILE A STABBING BLOW OF GOODNESS...



...THE NEFARIOUS NOSFERATU LEAVES HIS NEAR VICTIM BEHIND AND BOARDS A SHIP BOUND FOR BREMEN, THERE TO FIND NEW BLOOD FOR HIS INQUENCHABLE THIRST. EVIL INCARNATE, SCULPTED BY THE DEVIL'S OWN HAND, THIS MONSTER WILL NOT BE STILL AS LONG AS FEAR IS HIS WEAPON...



WRITTEN BY—DAVID IZZO

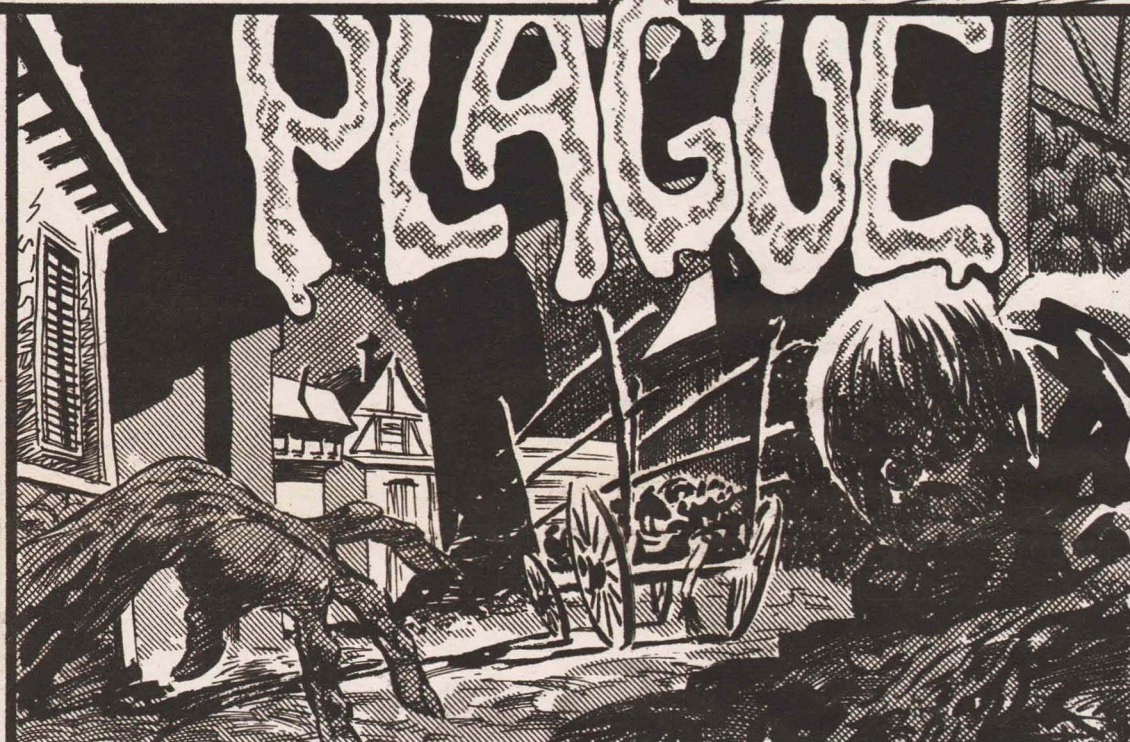
ILLUSTRATED BY—BERNI WRIGHTSON ©1971



HAVING GATHERED BACK HIS WITS AND RESOURCES, GUSTAV HUNTER ESCAPED THE WEB OF CASTLE ORLOCK. THINKING HE HAD ESCAPED THE VAMPIRE AS WELL, HE RODE TO BEAT THE WIND AND HURRIED HOME TO BREMEN, AND ELLEN.



OCT. 19, 19— NOSFERATU ARRIVES AT BREMEN AND BRINGS WITH HIM ON THE BACKS OF HIS RATS AN ARMY MORE DEVASTATING THAN ANY MADE OF MEN, THE RODENT MESSENGERS SILENTLY SCURRY OFF TO ALL THE CITY'S CRACKS AND CORNERS. THEY DRINK THE TOWN'S WATER AND EAT ITS FOOD, AND AS THEY DO, LET ROLL OFF THEIR SIDES AN INVISIBLE HORDE OF GERMS.....THE KIND THAT CAUSES...



AND LEAVES A WHOLE POPULACE WEAK AGAINST THE MIDNIGHT VISITS OF THE VAMPIRE...

A HAGGARD AND WEARY HUNTER HAS RETURNED TO BREMEN TO FIND HIMSELF AMIDST A RAVAGING SICKNESS, HE RECOUNTS TO ELLEN HIS TERRIBLE DAYS AT CASTLE ORLOCK. THEY SOON REALIZE THE HORRIBLE TRUTH, THAT NOSFERATU MUST BE THE PLAGUE'S CAUSE...



...UNKNOWN TO HER HUSBAND, ELLEN HAS FORMULATED A DARING, AND VERY DANGEROUS PLAN. SHE INFORMS ORLOCK, BY NOTE, THAT SHE'S AWARE OF HIM AND INVITES HIM TO PAY HER A NIGHT CALL...

THE PESTILENT PROVOCATUER ENTERS AS EXPECTED WITH ARMS LOOMING CLAW-LIKE OVER THE YOUNG FEMALE, SHE, WITHOUT FEAR, AND HANDS BECKONING, WELCOMES THE HIDEOUS NIGHT-CRAWLER. THIS DISMAYS THE ADVANCING ORLOCK, FOR FRIGHT MAKES HIS MENACE WORK. HE HESITATES, CAUGHT IN A SPELL OF CONFUSION. HIS BEWILDERMENT FINDS THE MINUTES PASSING AND THE VAMPIRE UNAWARE THAT...



THE SUN IS RISING

...THE WEAPON OF FEAR IS FOR ONCE AND ALWAYS DEFEATED BY THE HEART OF A STRONG AND GOOD WOMAN.



...AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS IT APPEARED, THE PLAGUE VANISHED, FREEING BREMEN FROM THE CHAINS OF EVIL, AND OUTSIDE A HOUSE, NEIGHBORS WONDER WHY A CERTAIN WINDOW IS BEING BOARDED, NEVER REALIZING THAT THEIR FREEDOM DEPENDS ON THE PERPETUAL ENCLOSURE INTO OBLIVION OF THE THING CALLED...

NOSFERATU



## A LEAF FROM THE ENCYCLOPEDIA FILM-FANNICA

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA FILM-FANNICA is a special opus currently in preparation by the editors of THE MONSTER TIMES.

As Encyclopedias take years to produce, we don't urge readers to make any advance orders. From time to time, from the work-in-progress, when appropriate, we'll present an occasional page for the benefit of our deserving readers, which they may clip and save in their scrapbooks. This page they are advised to file under "T" for Things, "K" for Korda, "W" for Wells, and "M" for Menzies.

This can best be done by buying 4 more copies of THE MONSTER TIMES — crafty, aren't we?

**WHAT WILL THE NEXT 100 YEARS BRING TO MANKIND?**

See the startling answer in the most astonishing picture ever screened

**H.G. WELLS'**  
Amazing Prediction of the Future  
**"THINGS TO COME"**

Now... look at the world 100 years from today through the all-seeing eyes of H. G. Wells... the only man who dares to predict the universe of tomorrow and its people... one of the most powerful and sweeping dramas ever to come to the screen!

with  
RAYMOND MASSEY • RALPH RICHARDSON  
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • PEARL ARGYLE  
PATRICIA HILLIARD and a cast of 20,000  
Directed by Wm. Cameron Menzies  
A London Film • Released thru United Artists

1940... THE WORLD ON THE BRINK OF A TERRIFYING HOLOCAUST!

1960... CIVILIZATION CRUMBLES... MANKIND REVERTS TO THE PRIMITIVE!

2036... SCIENCE CREATES A FABULOUS NEW WORLD!

SEE: Air-men re-conquer the world; the birth of the superman; the creation of a new world state; glass cities towering to the skies; mammoth air-liners spanning the seas; giant rockets reaching the moon; man's substitute for the sun; humans living underground; new fashions of the future; television a commonplace... "THINGS TO COME" IS THE MOST AMAZING REVELATION OF THE FUTURE EVER CONCEIVED!

1980... GREEDY WAR LORDS RULE AND RAVAGE THE UNIVERSE!

**an ALEXANDER KORDA production**

This quaint little goody held newspaper readers spellbound in 1936 smacking them right in the imagination with startling prophecies of (gracious!) television to be a "commonplace" in the year 2036! Personally, we don't believe it. Nothing will replace the Victrola. Except perhaps radio.



**KORDA**

### A shaper of "Things"

Making the epic, "Things to Come" took 3 long, complicated years, successful completion due first and last to a giant; ALEXANDER KORDA.

Born in Hungary, 1893, attended the University of Budapest, Korda's youth was spent amidst the rising, toppling crumbling powderkeg which was pre-WWI Europe. After a brief career as a rootless, wandering journalist, Korda found his calling at 22, in America, with his first film, "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

Korda wanted to make great films with taste and care—figuring they'd do better at the box office. So, in 1928, Korda, disillusioned went to England, made films for American companies, scrimped his savings, and in 1932 risked every penny he owned to form his own company; London Films. Empire founded, he produced only quality films, using talent, elbow-grease, initiative and sincerity. His "The Private Life of Henry VIII" made a fortune and Britain finally had its own film industry.

Alexander Korda, with his brothers, Zoltan (a writer) and Vincent (an art director) formed a highly creative film dynasty which in time produced "Rembrandt" "The Jungle Book," and "The Thief of Bagdad," in later years. But in 1933 the Dynasty needed a super project to prove its mettle, so, in spring of that year, Alexander Korda, long admirer of H.G. Wells, sent the author a note, suggesting collaboration on Wells' latest book, "The Shape of Things to Come."



**WELLS**

### enter: The Visionary

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS, social prophet, S.F. master, born 1866. In his 80 years he contributed more to science fiction and historical analysis than any other British author and became England's favorite.

Like Korda, Wells began his career a journalist, but soon took to conjuring personalized speculative fiction, although always firmly anchored in reality, fact. His writing took on the cast of prophecy. Time has proven many of them true; TANKS—first conceived by Wells in "The Land Ironclads" (1903). The MODERN PARACHUTE in "The Flying Man". MODERN WARWARE described accurately in "The War in the Air" (1908). And ATOMIC WEAPONRY—chillingly portrayed in a book released a few months before WWI—(1914)!

"Things to Come" bears little in common to the book "Shape of..." and the finished screenplay was re-written twice before it was considered filmable. Wells worked closely with Alexander Korda to get it right, and in 1934 the most popular British author, was a good sport about the enormous revisions. In simultaneous release with "Things" was Wells' final screenplay in hardbound book form, now, lamentably out of print.



**MENZIES**

### he made 'Things' work

Chosen by Korda to direct "Things to Come" WILLIAM CAMERON MENZIES' knowledge of almost all fields of motion-picture production was remarkable. Born July, 1896, raised in Scotland whose vast landscapes are said to have given him a love of the spectacular, Menzies was a dedicated artist. As a young man, he moved to America and completed education in New Haven, Connecticut, Yale, and Art Students League of N.Y.C. WAR broke out, and the 15

months as a soldier he served in WWI probably gave him the experience he needed awesome prophetic battle scenes of "Things to Come" as well as later his enormous expansive "Gone With The Wind."

When budget worries started to crop up during production, it was William Menzies who advised Vincent Korda to paint full-sized backdrops of entire streets. These huge paintings were then hung behind the sets' streets, corners, etc., and looked so realistic that it is hard to spot the paintings from what was actually built.

The contributions of these three men will be dealt with more fully in the following article.



# 2036 CAME BEFORE 2001!

Sometimes it happens that great writers meet great filmmakers and filmmiracles are generated. When Arthur C. Clarke, of SF-fame met the brilliant film producer, Stanley Kubrick, poof! we had 2001—A Space Odyssey. But back in the 1930's another great author met another great filmmaker in another country, Great Britain, and the result was every bit as revolutionary in its day as 2001 is on ours. Perhaps, more so, for it predicted WWII, bombing of cities from the air, and a halting of progress, with such accuracy that some parts of

the film could be used as newsreel footage with no one the wiser. In fact, in one portion of the 1935 film, a mushroom cloud was seen over a caption, which read; 1945!

Even the first flight to the moon was described as being accomplished with multi-stage rockets, as being a mission of observation, of orbiting the moon and of returning to earth without landing.

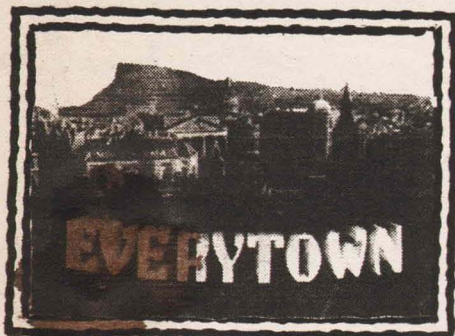
All these things were in a great film released in 1936!

H.G.  
WELLS:

# THINGS TO COME

BY ALLAN ASHERMAN

## Christmas in Everytown



Thus an epoch begins...

**H**.G. Wells' epic storyline was roughly broken into three phases, all revolving about the city of Everytown, a typical metropolis. The name was chosen to avoid viewer identification with any one area of the world, but Everytown bore a marked resemblance to the London of the time.

In phase one of the story, we see multitudes of bustling, happy people celebrating the coming of Christmas. Spirits are high, but we gradually become very much aware of a feeling of impending doom. This doom, a threatened war, breaks through the happiness in the shape of signs, newspaper headlines and dark skies. We are shown the city and its people, and we then find ourselves in the home of John Cabal, scientist.

It is possible that phases one and two of the film are brought to us as seen through the eyes and mind of John Cabal. This would be particularly logical to assume, for Wells intended "Things to Come" to be a film of human symbols rather than individual characters.

"I stand for Law and Sanity,"  
calmly proclaims John Cabal  
(Raymond Massey).

When we first see him, Cabal (Raymond Massey) is entertaining several friends, one of whom, a certain Mr. Passworthy (Edward Chapman), seems strangely unconcerned with the probable holocaust. Young Dr. Harding (Maurice Braddell) is very much concerned. He fears war will bring an end to medical research. Cabal is afraid for the world. "My God," he shudders, "if war breaks loose again!"



P. Livingston — first casualty of war.

Passworthy, though, regards war as a stimulant to the economy, "War is good for business" sort, and can't wait.

## Deep Wells philosophy

Here we have 3 of the 4 main controlling forces of humanity as Wells saw them:

(1) The Bubble-Headed man who cares about nothing but the joys of the moment. He thinks about the pleasures of life, but is blind to its obligations. He passes over the worthy qualities of mankind, and therefore is given the name "Passworthy." But he is not really evil, and is alright in his own small way. One might say of him; "He'll do" or "He'll pass" — and not much else.





# extra 1936: THE END

(2) *Youth*, caught in the middle of Passworthy and Cabal in the form of Dr. Harding. Youth is in favor of peace, of saving lives, and of questioning.

(3) The *stoic, logical man* whose long legs are firmly rooted into this world and his faith that people were meant to be the masters of their universe. His quiet moods of rationalization border on the mystical, and he is called "Cabal." (Which the dictionary defines as a "conspiratorial group," ironically enough.

## WAR!

As Cabal's little gathering ends, it is learned that Everytown is indeed at war. There is, without warning, an air raid in which unseen multitudes of aeroplanes drop bombs and gas on the city. People are caught in the middle of blasts, without gas masks. Youngsters and the

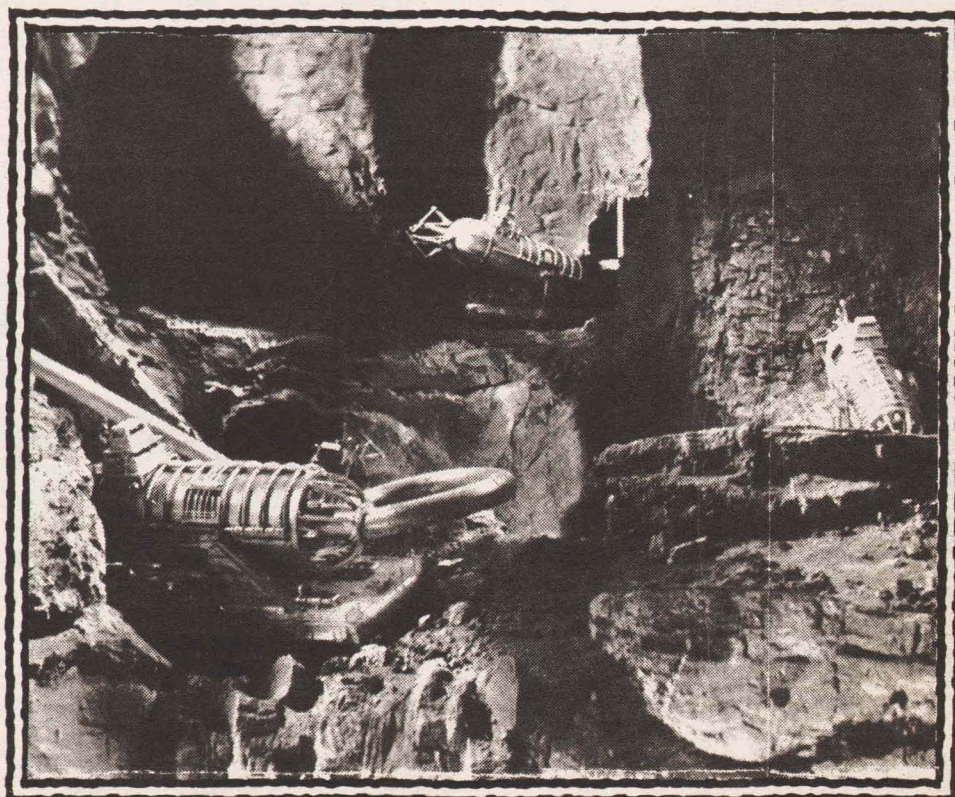
see in the film. The air raid happens quickly, as quickly as it actually happened a few years later when London was first bombed by the German air force.

The next scene we see is a vast group of airplanes that come through the clouds over a group of cliffs, and fly in formation over another part of Everytown. They are strangely calm, just flying over the city and going on their way after dropping *poison gas*.

The progress of the war is shown with a montage sequence of tanks; first tanks as they actually appeared in those days, then ultra-modern war-machines capable of crushing whole houses as they roll on.

## some uncanny prophecies

As the year 1945 looms before us in the film montage, a soldier's mutilated corpse, swaying on a barbed wire fence, is suddenly silhouetted by a bright fireball which forms — a *mushroom-shaped*



Rare shot of futuristic digging machines of 2036—devised especially for the film. Each one approximately 40 feet tall and 100 feet long!



Raymond Massey as John Cabal, climbing out of his bat plane like vehicle

elderly are seen lying in the twisted rubble of department stores and Christmas decorations. Panic reigns among the survivors of explosions. Mobs scurry to places of safety before the next bombs strike. Happy humanity gives way to frightened animal-like groups of charging maniacs of all ages. War has come to Everytown and to the world.

## Blitz of '36!

In the wake of the air raid, mobilization is announced. A grimly determined Cabal and a jubilantly proud Passworthy march off to war, still holding their respective philosophies. The first indication of the "progressiveness" of war is seen in the person of little Horrie Passworthy (P. Livingston) Passworthy's son, lying dead among the rubble of his home, as his father marches off to fight. The terrors of war begin to be realized.

We don't see the horde of airplanes that bomb Everytown and turn it to the dead, broken pile of buildings we later

cloud! Hmm . . . 1945! Wells even got the year right!

Gradually the world crumbles, desolate, decaying. The weapons become more primitive as factories are destroyed one by one. When nothing new is made the old things are used, until finally the fighters look more like something from the middle-ages. And still they fight. On and on. Civilization is collapsing. Technology is dying. Dead.

The newspapers are shown to become more awkward, until they are only one page of war news scrawled on a blackboard in the town square. From the words on the blackboard it can be seen that people are even beginning to forget how to read.

Still, the war drags on; the years pass ominously before the camera, until 1970. We again find ourselves in Everytown, where we stop our flight through time. We have arrived at a world of despair.

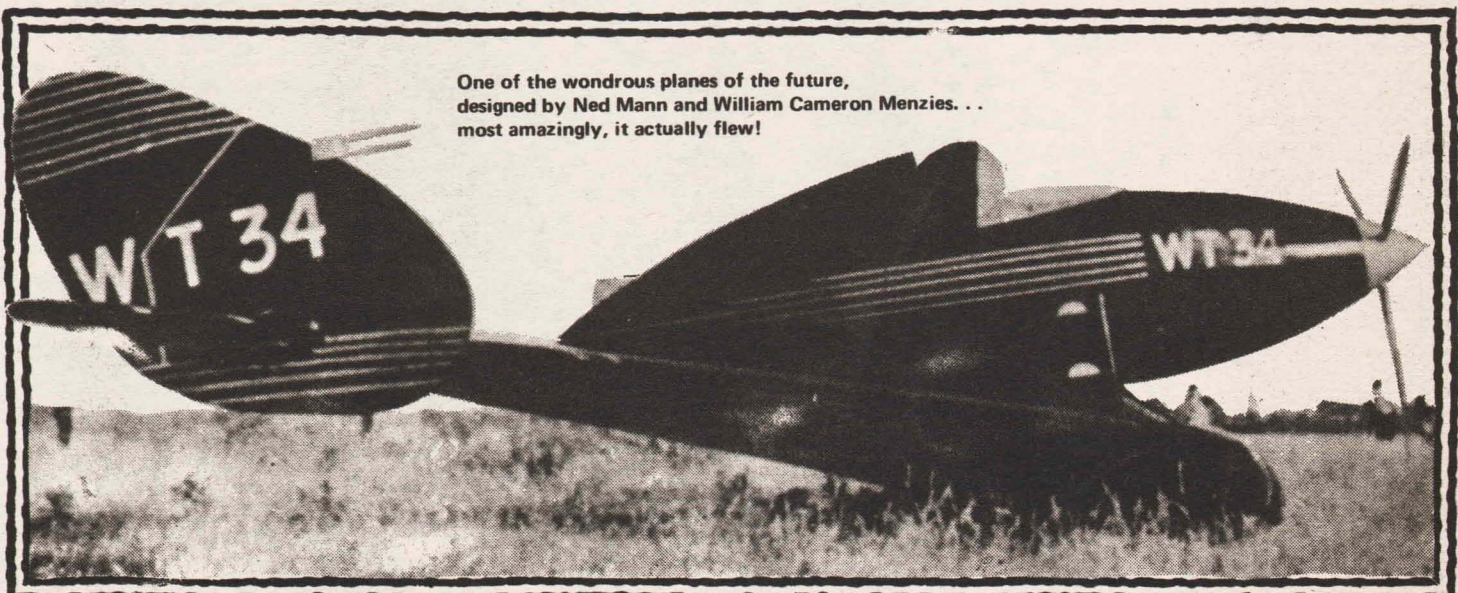
The futility of war is farther shown in a short but highly meaningful scene. Cabal has shot down an enemy pilot (John Clements), who has just dropped poison gas on a city. He is gravely wounded, and Cabal lands to help him. Both men now know how stupid war is. After killing an entire city, the enemy pilot ends by giving his gas mask to a surviving little girl of the town. Just as the thick clouds of poison close over the pilot, he speaks to himself of the irony of it all. Then he shoots himself as the first vapors start burning his lungs. Cabal takes the little girl to safety in his plane.

## more uncanny prophecies

Here was another of the film's ironically real dark prophecies. In World War II (the real one—not the film's 2nd World War which we have just seen) John Clements joined the Royal Air Force. While flying a mission over France, in 1942, his plane was shot down, and he perished.

Phase two of the story now begins; a phase of ruin, depression of the human spirit, and a total end to progress. Civilization is stuck in the mud. We see the ruined Everytown ruled by Rudolph, an arrogant tribalistic Mussolini-type. We also learn of the "wandering sickness," future biological warfare's new equivalent of the black plague. It has stricken half the human race. Sanitary conditions are all gone. There is no defense against this biological onslaught. The victims wander zombie-like across the countryside spreading the plague. Carriers of the disease are shot in the streets. And Rudolph, the "Boss" of Everytown (Ralph Richardson) is still warring! He fights a meaningless, ritualistic war against the "hill people."

Dr. Harding, who once was youth personified, is old before his time. He has long since run out of medical supplies. He stands helpless and weary before the tattered people of Everytown. When asked what can be done to make a



One of the wondrous planes of the future, designed by Ned Mann and William Cameron Menzies. . . most amazingly, it actually flew!



# OF THE WORLD

suffering person comfortable, he replies grimly; "Nothing! There is nothing to make *anyone* comfortable any more. War is the act of spreading wretchedness and misery!"

## an Angel of Science arrives

To this scene of despair descends a streamlined aircraft. The craft and its occupant show no traces of the dusty squalor around them. We learn that the pilot of the plane is John Cabal, grown older but still with a generally youthful appearance. His new home, wherever it may be, has obviously escaped the ruin of war. Through him we learn that there is, after all, some hope for humanity's recovery and reconstruction.

Cabal mentions that he is a member of an organization called "Wings Over the World." Comprised of scientists, engineers and foresighted people who are sick of war, and whose aim is to do away with the still-raging scattered conflicts, "Wings Over the World" work to eventually remake the world into a planet ruled by science and reason. We also suspect that Cabal is one of the founders of this movement.

## New! Unique! Law AND Sanity!

Cabal confronts the Boss. It is a game

Roxana is so interwoven that we honestly do not know if she is speaking seriously toward him, or he toward her. It may well be that she wanted only to save her Boss, and he wanted only to escape. But it is also possible that they saw, in each other, reflected images of human hope.

## WINGS to COME!

We now see the futuristic headquarters of Wings Over the World, in Basra. The men, concerned about the safety of their friend, are told of his whereabouts by Gordon, a young pilot (Derek de Marney), who managed, with the aid of Harding and Cabal, to escape from Everytown in a rickety airplane. The scientists, being men of responsible action, as well as knowledge, jump to the challenge.

Immediately the huge airfleet of "Wings Over the World" is readied. They fly over Everytown, drop cylinders of their new "gas of peace," a harmless sleep gas, and free Cabal. The armada of ultra-stylized gigantic airships speckles the sky like a flock of droning dragonflies.

The fleet swoops over Everytown. The Boss, desperate to salvage his position of power, commands the air-force he has scrounged from ruined airplanes to fight the giant, batlike airships of the invaders.



The awesome carnage and wreckage of a blitzed Everytown — not from a newsreel, but as H.G. Wells foresaw it in 1935 — 4 years before the fact!

on, everything had to be of an atypical appearance. Now the designs and the concepts of all the people connected with the film's production would be taxed to the limit.

## building Tomorrow — Yesterday

Even the preceding scenes featuring the ruined Everytown were extremely difficult. An entire city had to be built, as it would be impossible to use existing buildings. The city had to be destroyed after the bombing sequences, to be shown in ruins for the remaining second third of the film. How could it be done within the film's budget?

William Menzies had gotten the "feel" of the story while aiding Wells in completing his screenplay. Now, together with Vincent Korda, Menzies preceeded to design the production's appearance. His massive style, roughly the same form that was seen throughout "Gone With the Wind." (Menzies later also worked on a version of "Thief of Bagdad" for Korda), blended in smoothly with the moral symbolism of Well's storyline.

Alexander Korda was now faced with the problem of accepting the uniformly immense production style of Menzies together with his brother, Vincent's, designs for the specific settings, which were spell-binding.

Wells, who had participated in their design, had seen to it that the architectural styles used in the film were merely symbols of their eras and the philosophies of their times. He liked the preliminary sketches. But how could they

be built without using the money set aside for the futuristic city yet to be built? Or how could the future sets be built without having to eliminate the settings of the initial city? In this all-important area, an ingenious compromise was reached.

It was agreed that, in order for the sets and buildings required by the storyline to be photographed, they must first be built in miniature. But the proportion of their construction was another matter. Actors could not be shown together with the city by this method to the extent needed. Still, Wells regarded the scenes of *thousands of people running through the past and future cities* "highly necessary" to the spirit of the story.

The solution? Lower stories of most buildings were to be built fullscale on the Elstree backlots. Upper parts of the buildings would be built in miniature within the sound stages. The lower and upper stories of structures would be integrated onto one piece of film by means of associated photographic techniques such as split-screen, matting, mirror-shots and rear-projection. For this work, two rare talents were imported to London Films.

Ned Mann had built miniatures for Paramount and RKO films, including "Deluge" (in which New York City was drowned under a tidal wave), and "Dirigible" (A Cecil B. DeMille film). He was an expert in his craft, and always worked in the largest scale possible, so as to add detail to his models. He worked with Menzies to paint huge realistic backdrops of buildings for indoor and



After a Peace Gas attack, Cabal is rescued as the Boss's wife slumbers at his feet.

of intellectual chess, in which their positions are made known to each other. Cabal informs the Boss that he represents not just law, but "law and sanity." The Boss needs planes for his fight against the "hill people." He dickers with Cabal for planes, and when Cabal refuses, he has Cabal imprisoned.

The Boss is Wells' vision of the fourth controlling type of human being. He is nationalism and tribalism personified. All things that are not flags are cowardly and useless to his sort. He believes just as deeply in primitivism and insanity as Cabal does in progress. He is the opposing force to Cabal, thrusting Passworthy and Harding into the background.

The Boss's wife, meanwhile, has become intrigued with Cabal. Visiting secretly in his cell, Roxana Black (Margaretta Scott) explains that she has always wanted to escape from this land of squalor. She is a clever, beautiful woman, and she wants Cabal and his land of sanity...sanity which will eventually overpower madness.

The interplay between Cabal and

It is an almost comic sight...fragile, ridiculously obsolete, outnumbered airplanes trying to out-manuever sophisticated, sleek mechanical wonders! One by one the dinky relics are downed like antiques bumped off a shelf. Wings Over the World claims easy air victory...now for the land...

## Bomb for Peace — it works!

The Peace Gas is dropped, and Cabal is rescued. All the people of Everytown revive, except Rudolph, the Boss. His mind has fought so hard against the Peace Gas and the changes to come that he has died. Cabal, standing over him, observes that he is:

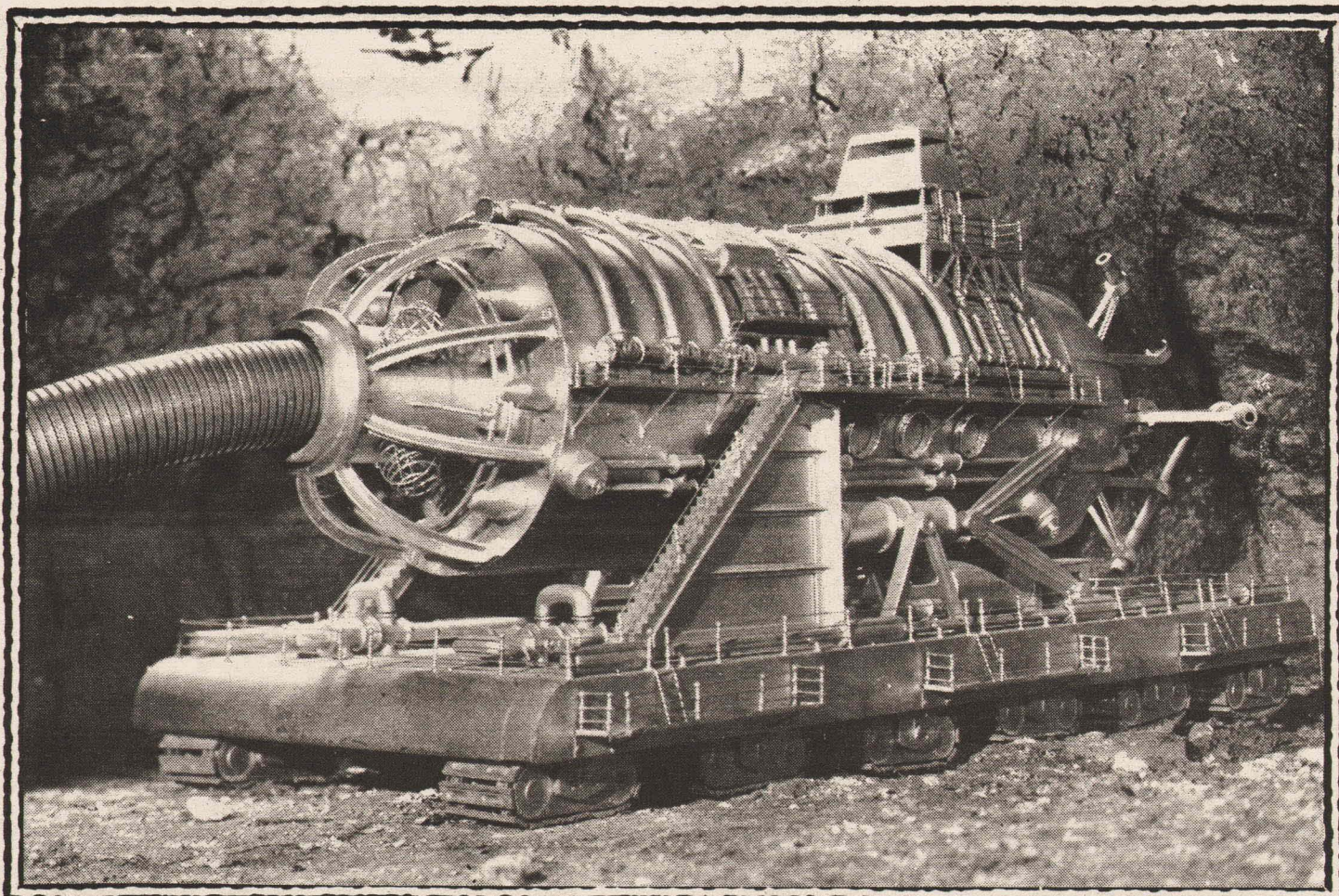
"Dead, and his world dead with him. But we will build a new world. The new world with the old stuff. Our job is only beginning."

Maybe Cabal's job was only beginning, but producer Alexander Korda's task just was becoming more difficult. The sections of the film dealing with the present of the time were over. From here

Rare production shot of Theotocopolous, retrogressive Mad Sculptor of the future Everytown —played by Ernest Thesiger — NOT Cedrick Hardwicke of the finished version.







Another fantastic digging machine in closeup. . . to gauge size of the monster, note steps and ladders trimming this masterpiece of Technocracy!

outdoor use. Because of these "drops", some buildings did not have to be built at all. The structures in front of the camera were erected, but the buildings off to the side streets and in the back of other houses, could be painted on canvas and hung in the streets. Because of skillful painting, they photographed like actually constructed buildings. The superimposed miniatures completed the illusion of the vast cities.

Harry Zech, an American special-effects technician who did pioneer work in perfecting split-screen photography, also became part of the staff of "Things to Come." He had started working in films with Mack Sennett, and so had many years to perfect his techniques. He had also worked with other special-effects technicians and, like Mann, had the ability to devise completely new effects at a moment's notice.

For the more intricate scenes involving live-actors combined photographically with miniatures, rear-projection screens were set up in the miniature scale buildings, and on these screens was projected footage of the actors scattered



Sir Ralph Richardson as the tribal petty militarist, The Boss.

around the full-scale lower stories. When seen on film, combined with other angles involving split-screen, it looks like multitudes of people are running through full-size, complete buildings.

## Reconstruction by Technocracy

The present was finished, now, in the film. With the guidance of Cabal's organization, reconstruction began. Old

buildings were razed, huge excavations were dug. Unheard-of machines molded super-size panels from plastics stronger than steel, and other machines erected the panels and shaped balconies, symmetrical buildings.

The new city is huge and clear, completely devoid of dirt. With its own artificial sunlight, built beneath ground level but still not completely cut-off from the world above, it is a completely controlled environment. Spiraled roads stretch from the depths of the city to the surface, and multi-laned highways traverse the megopolis. The new world is here!

## EVERYTOWN: 2036!

One of directorial wizard William Menzies' favorite photographic technique was used to provide us with our first glimpse of the completed, futuristic Everytown.

First, an extremely long shot of the sky. The camera slowly dollies down to the cliffs surrounding the city, then the caption "2036" explodes upon the screen! The camera zooms upward and out until the entire underground excavation is visible. Slowly focusing in toward the city, the camera reveals the tops of the futuristic buildings, then the entire structures. With a slow dissolving shot melting our vision, changing angles to downshots of the majestic buildings, with hordes of people streaming in and out of palaces, monorails speeding back and forth, countless varieties of cars and elevators all moving and working. *The city is alive! A giant complex of machine and man!*

This shot was accomplished by first photographing a miniature of the cliffs and surrounding land, then zooming in for a closeup of the miniature excavation.

At this point there was a brief shot of the city, with miniature people running from place to place on conveyor belts. Then, while the attention of the audience is fixed on the city, there is a dissolve to the miniature city, from a lower level. Process screens were positioned within the buildings, and people were double-exposed in the buildings. At the same time, Mann's miniature vehicles were in action. The result: a panned shot of an apparently full-sized city, with multitudes of people and machines moving around. A beautiful illusion!

## Wells' Brave New-topia

With the new world come new people. It is now 2036. John Cabal is gone, but in his place is his great grandson, Oswald Cabal, again Raymond Massey, the World President. Everytown is now the world capital.

The society is divided into two groups; scientists and artists. Science forges

onward, uncovering one secret of nature after another. The thinkers are happy with their ever-accelerating progress, but the artists are not.

## beware of meeks gearing rifts

Spokesman of the artists is Theotocopulos (Sir Cedric Hardwicke). Speaking on a worldwide television broadcast, he asks the people for a reason to justify this constant discovery. Things used to be so simple in the "old days," he says. In "those days" the artists were the

creators of the world. They were respected and important. There were good times, and everyone was securely happy. Now, he says, science is making discoveries so profound that they are dwarfing the work of artists. Theotocopulos and all the people like him are frightened.

We all remember how good things were back there in good old 1971, don't we?

The focal point of their fears is the huge space-gun, which has been built to rocket two people into orbit around the moon. This is terrible, reason the artists, who would rather paint a place from imagination than by visiting it—which might take courage.

Appealing for support, Theotocopulos begs the populace of Everytown to join him in putting an end to the forces of science by smashing the space-gun. Pointing to a huge photograph of Cabal, Theotocopulos tells his followers:

"There . . . There is the man who would offer up his daughter to the devils of science!" But the coup fails, and the launching goes on as scheduled.

It might be worth noting that Theotocopulos used a 100-foot high television screen to project his image as he bad-mouthed science.

Raymond Passworthy again, Edward Chapman, a descendant of the Passworthy of John Cabal's day, asks Oswald Cabal for his views as the space bullet rockets toward the moon. Aboard the craft are Cabal's daughter and Passworthy's son. Theotocopulos and his followers have been frustrated in their attempt to destroy the invention and have returned to their homes, wondering what new miracles are to come.

Cabal explains his philosophy of life and of man in a speech worthy of Shakespeare in its artistry and meaning.

We recreate that final stunning dialogue on the page at right in a special MT film-comics treatment. . .



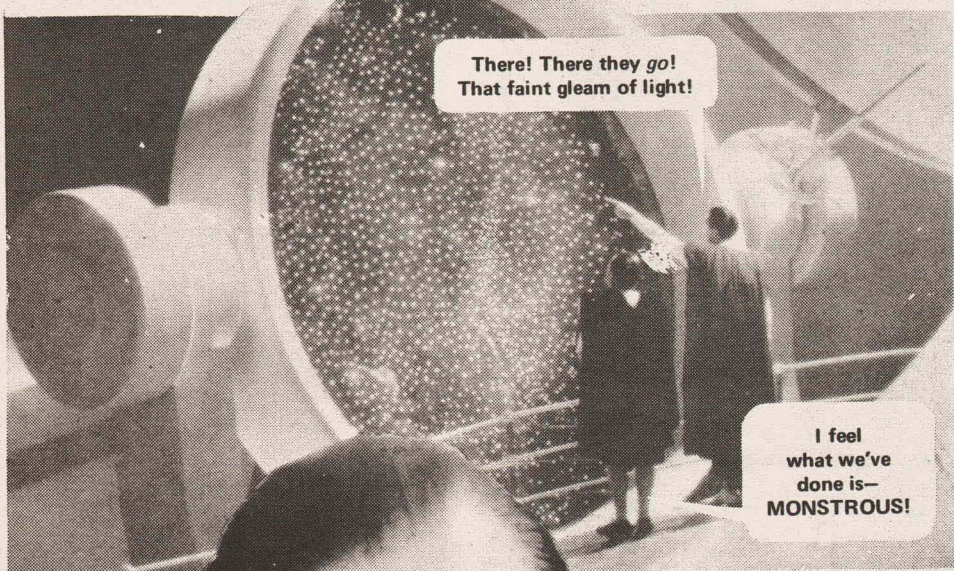
Raymond Massey demonstrating that there's no more rest for the good than the wicked.



# A PROPHECY FROM 1936

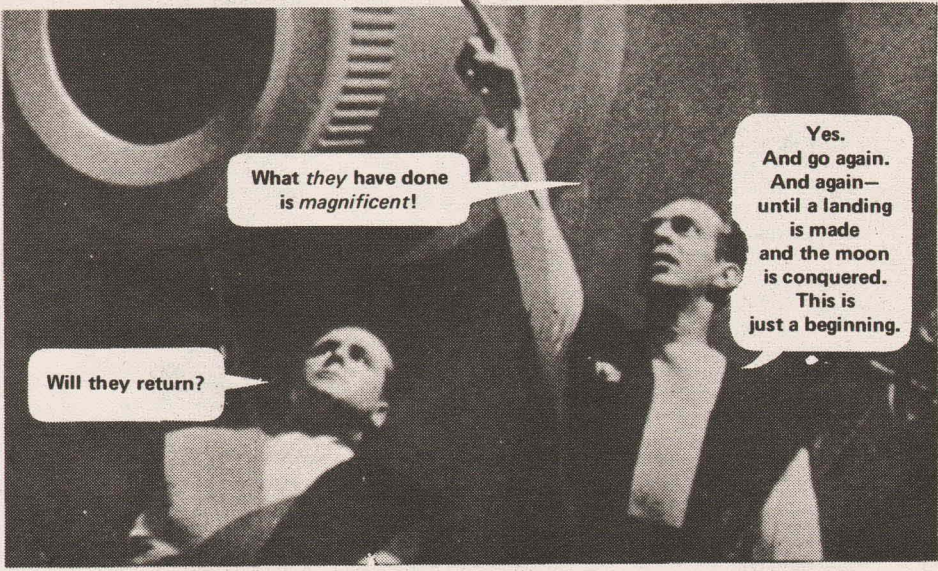
The final spellbinding footage comes alive, immortalized on the printed page; a message to us of Today from the far future—as *H.G. Wells foresaw it!* The space-gun has just thundered, all of Everytown still quakes in reverberation, and the first space capsule hurtles heavenward to orbit the moon! The astronauts' fathers, Oswald Cabal (Raymond Massey) and Raymond Passworthy (Edward Chapman), view the progress on a monolithic TV screen. There is a tense moment of silence, magnifying tensions between the two men. Passworthy

shudders . . . and Cabal proudly exclaims! . . .



There! There they go!  
That faint gleam of light!

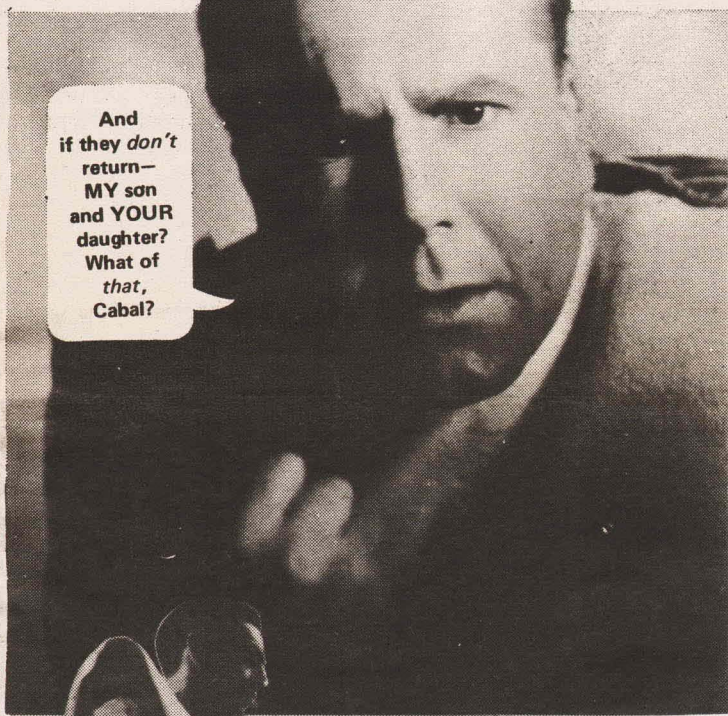
I feel  
what we've  
done is—  
MONSTROUS!



Will they return?

What they have done  
is magnificent!

Yes.  
And go again.  
And again—  
until a landing  
is made  
and the moon  
is conquered.  
This is  
just a beginning.

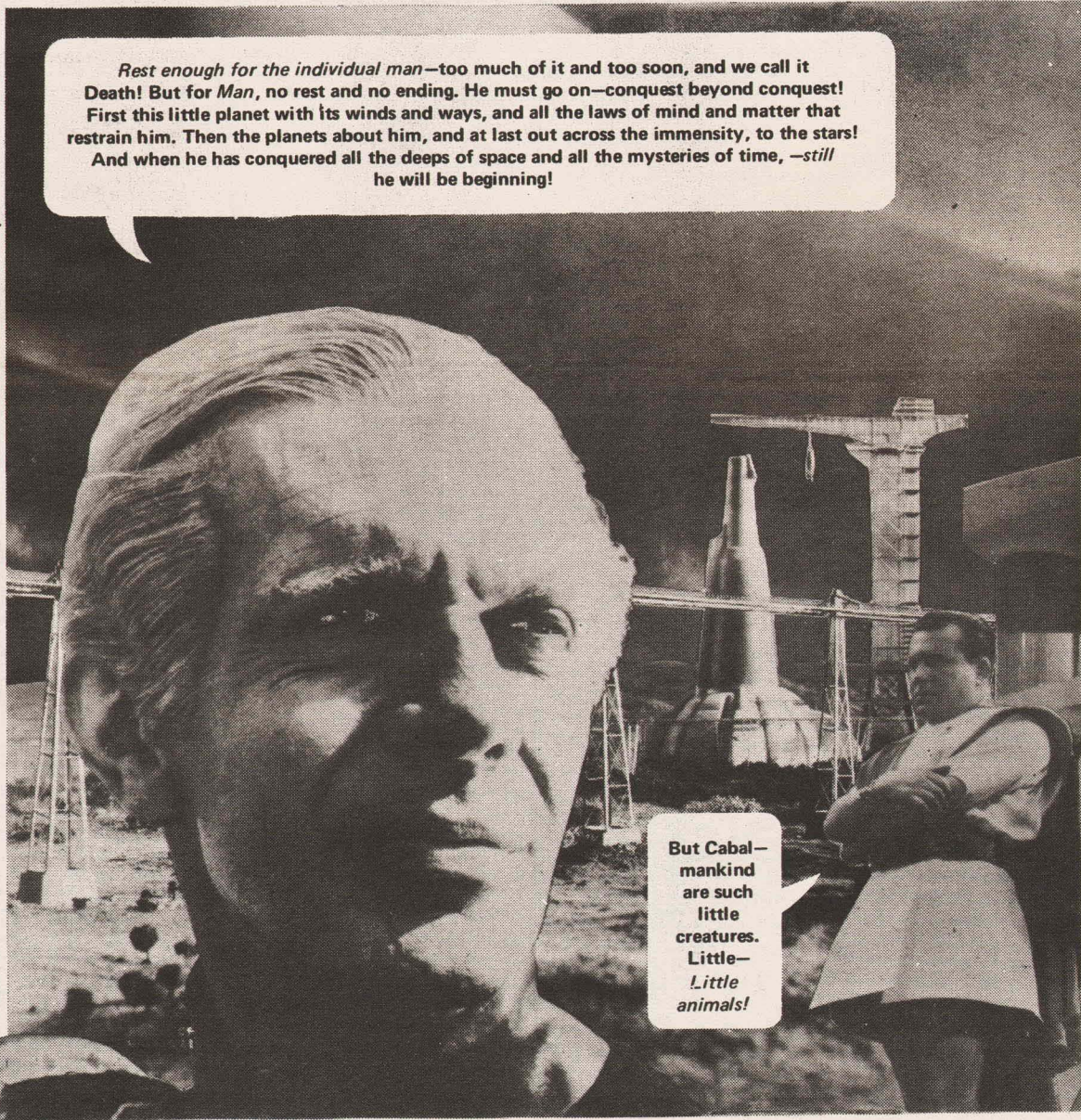


And  
if they *don't*  
return—  
MY son  
and YOUR  
daughter?  
What of  
that,  
Cabal?



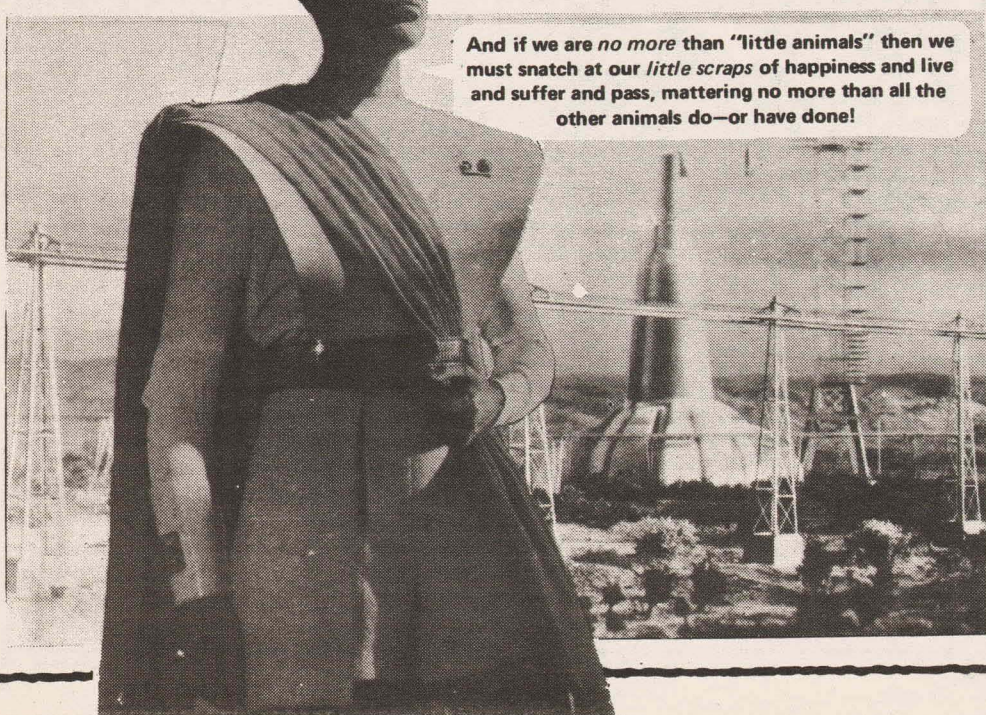
Then  
presently  
others  
will  
go.

My God!  
Is there  
*never*  
to be  
an age of  
happiness?  
*Never*  
to be any  
rest?

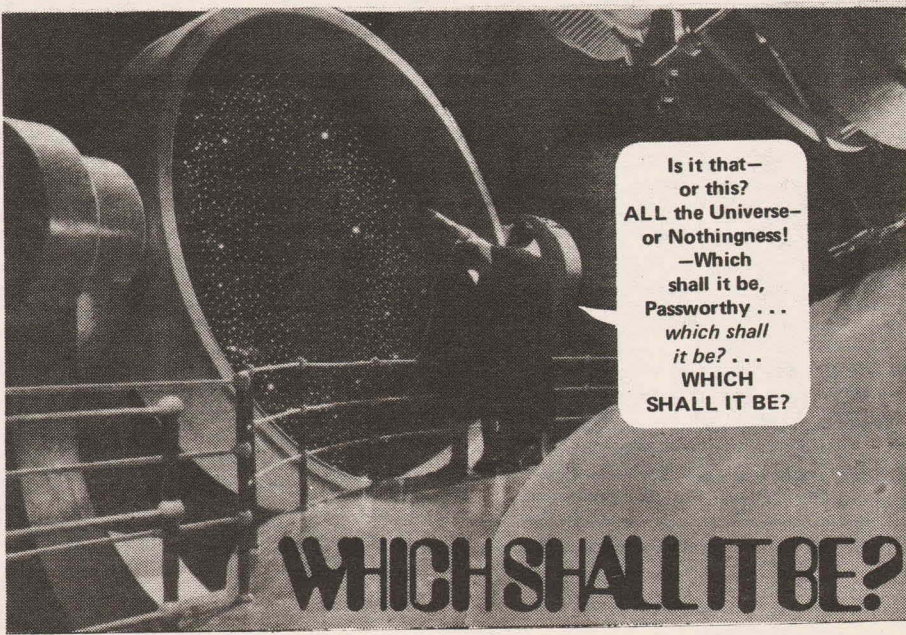


*Rest enough for the individual man—too much of it and too soon, and we call it Death! But for Man, no rest and no ending. He must go on—conquest beyond conquest! First this little planet with its winds and ways, and all the laws of mind and matter that restrain him. Then the planets about him, and at last out across the immensity, to the stars! And when he has conquered all the deeps of space and all the mysteries of time, —still he will be beginning!*

But Cabal—  
mankind  
are such  
little  
creatures.  
Little—  
*Little*  
animals!



And if we are *no more* than "little animals" then we must snatch at our *little scraps* of happiness and live and suffer and pass, mattering no more than all the other animals do—or have done!



Is it that—  
or this?  
ALL the Universe—  
or Nothingness!  
—Which  
shall it be,  
Passworthy . . .  
*which shall*  
*it be? . . .*  
WHICH  
SHALL IT BE?

## WHICH SHALL IT BE?





This is a never-before-published still of Good Ol' H.G. Wells on set, clarifying a line of dialogue with Raymond Massey and Margarita Scott.

## Production and Musical Notes

### Which SHALL it be?

Thus ends "Things to Come," first with Raymond Massey's voice echoing, "Which shall it be?" until the question is chimed by a huge chorus, accompanied by a full orchestra, the challenging words, "Which shall it be?" climaxing on a crescendo as the scene blacks out. We, the audience are left now to ponder the future of mankind... to a musical score created by Arthur Bliss, who, after writing music for "Things," was to be knighted and made official composer to the Queen of England.

Bliss' score for "Things to Come" was considered so special that it became the first motion-picture soundtrack ever to be recorded on discs for commercial sale. A set of 78 RPM records was issued in 1936, and in the early 1950's, RCA Victor again recorded the score, this time with Bliss conducting the score in stereophonic sound. This recording has been reissued in England.

For the "2036" sequence of the film, certain settings had to be built entirely in the miniature scale. These included the space-gun, the factory used in the reconstruction montage, the huge construction machines that rebuilt "Everytown," and the future city itself (for its first appearance in an extreme long shot).

With proper editing and the addition of appropriate sound effects, streams of puppets were made to look like crowds of people. To this day, certain scenes in "Things to Come" mystify audiences in this manner. It is impossible to tell what portions of the sets were miniatures, and what portions were built full scale.

### 1936 to 2036—

### Women's Lib to come!

One scene that was cut from the film, yet appears in the printed version of the script is a dialogue between Oswald Cabal and his wife Rowena (Raymond Massey and Margaretta Scott, carrying their roles into the future). Rowena was a descendant of Roxana Black, wife of the Boss. In the dialogue, Cabal stated his views on the "women of the world who live for the purpose of proving that they are better than men," rather than "working with them to improve the world." Also during the scene we learn that Cabal has been divorced from his wife, that she is violently against their daughter being sent to the moon. Those who think women's lib is a passing fad or a throwback to the suffragettes find little solace in such a vision.

Raymond Massey, then relatively unknown, was chosen for the dual role of John and Oswald Cabal. His acting style

at the time was such that he could perform with an easy, flowing quality. He also had the ability to tighten up his relaxed style during moments of crisis in the lives of both Cabals. In Massey, Korda found an actor who could be a relatively quiet, philosophical sort with a powerful sense of human hope and cosmic confidence. It was a type of acting that projected a powerful aura of wisdom and leadership.

Just as Korda's films had made stars of others including Charles Laughton, "Things to Come" was to start Massey down the starring role of films. Later, in 1940, Massey achieved the ultimate in character identification when he portrayed Abraham Lincoln with the same qualities of dynamic life that he instilled in John and Oswald Cabal.

The role of Rudolph, "Boss" of Everytown, went to Ralph Richardson. In his capable hands, the Boss became a character who, it was plain, believed he was the most important person in the world, and that he was therefore supposed to take over everything in it. Primitivism and tribalism personified, befit Mussolini and Hitler to a "T."

Sir Cedric Hardwicke, one of the greatest portrayers of villainy, was Theotocopulos. He was the anarchist of yesterday combined with the reactionary of today. His manner balanced the scale of dramatic moments when it clashed with Massey's role.

The role of Theotocopulos was originally supposed to have been played by Ernest Thesiger. In Korda's group of fantasy films, Thesiger is remembered for his role of "Dr. Maydig," in "The Man Who Could Work Miracles." He is most famous, however, for his role of Dr. Pretorius in "The Bride of Frankenstein."

### advice to us from a past Future

In 1936, Herbert George Wells, Alexander and Vincent Korda, William Cameron Menzies and a staff of additional geniuses teamed together to make a motion-picture: "Things to Come." A large part of "Things to Come" has already come to pass. The question of "Which shall it be?" as yet to be answered as there are still many Passworthy's about who would like to put an end to the space program in favor of war. Which shall it be? No matter what the answer, the question of today into a wondrous tomorrow will hopefully always be remembered as having been asked first if not best in a film produced in the past; in 1936, in England. "Things to Come."

### Which SHALL it be?

## the Monster Times Teletype

... is our way of getting the latest hot-off-the-wire info to you; reviews, previews, scoops on horror films in production, newsworthy monster curiosities, bulletins, and other grues-flashes. There are several contributors to our hodge-podge Teletype page... BILL FERET, our man in Show Biz (he's a professional actor, singer, dancer with the impressive resume list of stage, film and TV credits to his name), makes use of his vast professional experiences and leads to Feret-out items of interest to monster fans, and duly report on them in his flashing Walter-Wind-chill manner.

**L**EAPING LIZARDS! ... or rather: "ambling amphibians?" frogs are upon us!

AIP is at present shooting "FROGS" in Florida. This is about an EEEEEek-ological monster. Starred are Ray Milland and Judy Pace. While the previously announced "LIVING DEAD" has been retitled "THE FROG." George Sanders and Beryl Reid are in this one which concerns motorcyclists and occultism. Potential new titles: "My Heart Went Leaping", "Hell's Reptiles on Wheels?" or "Hell's Angels Get Warts!" (?)

Keep thine eyes glued to your TV set for KING KONG to endorse Volkswagen.

There seems to be a fetish for Monsters in Advertising. Binaca Mouth Spray is the most noticeable. There are hordes of others. Looks like monsters sell. Reminds us of comedian Stan Freberg's album-fable entitled "Grey-Flannel Hat-full of Teenaged Werewolves" the heart-wrenchingly sad tale of a normal, well-adjusted werewolf who by day (Horrors!) turns (shudder!) uncontrollably into (ye gods!) an Advertising Man.



MooreFabrics. The narrow minded people.  
"(Sigh) If only I had a comfortable bra!"

...; Look for: "THE LIVING DEAD" with George Sanders, "THE BEAST IN THE CELLAR," "A TOUCH OF MELISSA," "CAULDRON OF BLOOD," "CRUCIBLE OF HORROR," (How 'bout a Glass of Gore" or "Thermos-jug of Terror"? "Decanter of Doom?") and a new George Pal production "DIE THE YOUNG."

AIP's also giving us "GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER". This one's a real one, kiddies! No Kid-ding! The said monster lives on pollution. Wish we had a few of those monsters in real life. The title song has to be "Smog gets in your eyes."

Up and coming is "THE RESURRECTION OF ZACHARY WHEELER." A really top-notch science-fiction/medical opus, it's somewhat the same rip-off as "THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN." Tight and crisp direction by Robert Wynn lends authenticity to the portrayal of Leslie Nielsen, Bradford Dillman, James Daly, and Angie Dickinson. The pic was filmed in a new process of tape-to-film and seems to have been a rather successful experiment. With the desolate setting of the New Mexican desert, Hitchcockian intrigue and the sci-fi plot, this is sure to be a hair-raiser, or at least a Zachair-raiser.

Follow the bouncing eyeballs to the re-issue of "HOUSE OF WAX," in the original 3-D process. This time around, Charles Bronson, then an unknown, gets billing above, the then-star, Phyllis Kirk.



Veteran villain Vincent Price, is doing an encore of "THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES," and there's to be a sequel to "WILLARD" called ... natch ... "BEN," starring Joseph Campanella. Sequels usually need something to bolster them up ... a song, perhaps? ("... the way you wear your rat ...")

Russ Meyer plans a change of pace from his usual sexpot-boilers with a thriller called "THE ELEVEN." He's been scouting for an Austrian-type castle setting ... in Macon, Georgia? "Well shut my moat!"

Ken Russell's "THE DEVILS" is a superb film about Church-run



DENNY O'NEIL —  
our film reviewer  
knows his stuff.  
Professional screen  
playwrite, sci-fi  
novelist, short story  
writer, historian,  
and the country's  
most progressive  
comic book writer  
(Superman, Batman,  
Green Lantern-Green  
Arrow, to name a few )  
clucks a review of  
Clockwork Orange —



For months, we've been waiting. A display ad in the New York Times last May told us Stanley Kubrick had completed his first film since the monumental 2001: A Space Odyssey, and that it would be released in December.

Finally, we received an invitation to see it and went and —

A Clockwork Orange is disappointing.

The story is really too complex to be summarized. It concerns a slightly-future Britain far gone into decadence and the doings of a hyped-up version of a juvenile delinquent, Alec, whose main interests are "rape, ultra-violence

and Beethoven." The Beethoven is nice, if you have an ear for the heavy classics, and the rape and violence are sickeningly convincing; nothing else is.

The biggest problem is, I think, Kubrick's faithfulness to his source material, a novel by the English author Anthony Burgess. A Clockwork Orange — the book — is, like most of Burgess's work, solidly in the tradition of British letters, full of daffy eccentrics and improbably coincidences and broad satire, and a fine tradition it is — for the printed word. But movies need to show, to be either staunchly realistic or imaginatively surrealistic, and A Clockwork Orange is neither: it is a grotesque hybrid of both. Apparently Kubrick couldn't decide exactly what kind of movie he wanted to make and so pretty much reproduced the novel instead of recreating it in his own medium. And often he fails even the reproduction chores.

To cite two instances:

Kubrick's portrayal of decadence consists of frequently filling the screen with bizarrely erotic sculptures and paintings, and in placing many of the movies in a sleazy housing project. Well ... I've seen more decadent objets d'art in Greenwich Village shop windows, and the housing project is a virtual palace compared to some real-life ones (Pruitt-Igoe in St. Louis, for example.) Is

Kubrick saying that civilization is already well into decline? Okay, but why set his story in the future? No, I think rather he simply failed to create a convincing future-tense nastiness.

Finally, there is the matter of Kubrick's/Burgess's attempt to Say Something. They seem to be telling us that savagery is an essential part of human nature — essential especially to creativity. I am not persuaded. The only conclusion I can draw from Alec's eventual triumph is that sometimes insanely rotten bastards get lucky; surely this psychopath can not represent the human race as a whole.

A director as skilled and dedicated as Stanley Kubrick isn't likely to do a totally bad picture, and he didn't. Bits and pieces of A Clockwork Orange are electrifying. Great stretches of the soundtrack are particularly fine, with Malcolm Macdowell's hypnotic, droning voice speaking Burgess's prose, counterpointed by the clashing music of Beethoven and Mahler. And the cast is generally excellent, especially young Macdowell. But the nice bits and acting are largely wasted.

By the way, the movie is rated X by Big Brother MPAA. Younger readers be advised. Also be consoled: you aren't missing much, and your movie money would be better spent on a rerelease of 2001 anyway.

D.O'N

The CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across this great land of ours are quaint and curious gatherings of quaintly curious zealots. The gatherings called "conventions," and the zealots, called "fans," deserve the attention of fans and non-fans alike, hence this trail-blazing reader-service.

To those readers who've never been to one of these hair-brained affairs, we recommend it. Detractors of such events put them down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like maniacs, spend sums on out-of-date comics, science fiction pulps, and monster movie stills. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of glossy pictures of Dracula or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of Airboy Comics (God alone knows why) or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the stars of old time movie serials, or today's top comic book artist and writers—or if you just want to meet other monster or comics science fiction freaks, like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world, OR if you want to meet the affable demented lunatics who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of those conventions.

We dare ya!

# CON-CALENDAR

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
JAN. 9, FEB. 13	THE SECOND SUNDAY PHIL SEULING 2883 W. 12 B'KLYN, N.Y. 11224	STATLER-HILTON 33rd ST. & 7th AVE. NEW YORK CITY	\$1.00 (10 A.M. to 4 P.M.)	COMIC BOOK DEALERS & COLLECTORS No Special Guests
JAN. 21, 22, 23, FRI., SAT., SUN.	STAR TREK CON AL SCHUSTER 31-78 CRESCENT ST. LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. 11106	STATLER-HILTON 33rd ST. & 7th AVE. NEW YORK CITY	\$2.50 (in advance) \$3.50 (At the door)	STAR TREK FILMS! SLIDES, EXHIBITS! COMIC BOOKS! ACTORS! ISAAC ASIMOV!
MARCH 3-5 FRI., SAT., SUN.	CANADA CON TOM ROBE V.W.O. 594 MARKHAM ST. TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA	INFO. NOT AVAILABLE WRITE CONVENTION	Info Not Available Write Con.	Comic Books, S.F. Pulps, Nostalgia-oriented.
MARCH 25-27 FRI., SAT., SUN.	L.A. CON JERRY O'HARA 14722 LEMOLI AVE. GARDENIA, CALIF. 92249	L.A. HILTON, LOS ANGELES.	Info. Not Available Write Con.	Comic convention; comic books, strips, Guest speakers, Cartoonists.
MARCH 31, APRIL 1, 2 FRI., SAT., SUN.	LUNA-CON DEVRA LANGSAM 250 CROWN ST.. BKLYN, N.Y. 11225	STATLER-HILTON 33rd ST. & 7th AVE. NEW YORK CITY	Info. Not Available Write Con.	New York's Biggest Annual Sci-Fi Convention Big-Time Writers Galore!

witch-hunts, possession, and persecution ... but it's a gory little number. Bring your stomach liners, it's worth it ...

Public TV is planning a special titled "BETWEEN TIME AND TIMBUKTU," described as an "existentialist space satire," based on several Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. works, including "Cat's Cradle," "Player Piano," and "Welcome to the Monkey House." Bob and Ray will be among the performers. Bob and Ray are the funniest comedy

duo radio was ever graced with.

YOG, THE MONSTER FROM



YUCCH ...

OUTER SPACE: Oh, boy. Lovers

of the dreadful have an object for worship in this item. Now, we've seen evil-smelly-awful invaders bent on — ominous bass chord — Ruling The World zapped by sea water, volcanoes, bacteria, rockets, artillery, fission, fusion, fire, electricity, chemicals, earthquakes, other invaders and natural mutation, to cite a few improbabilities. Yog, you will be pleased to hear, is done in by sonic waves from bats. Yep, this incredibly malevolent, supremely cunning baddie is cheep-cheep-

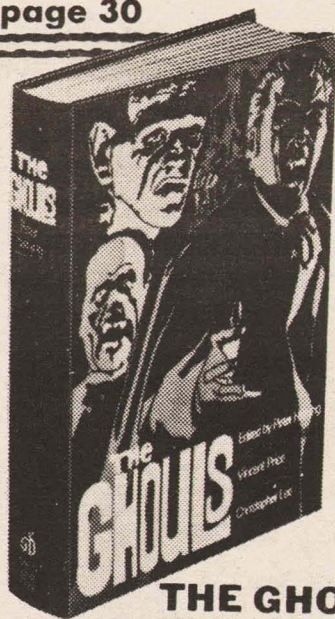
cheeped to death. And that's the best part ...

Acting honors go to the bats.

And ... are ... you ready? ... A new country and Western album just released by "Commander Cody and the Lost Planet Airmen" entitled "LOST IN THE OZONE" (I believe that was the first chapter title in the film serial.) Some of the numbers on the platter must be "O-Zone River," "The Wizard of Oze," and "Nobody Oze the Trouble I Seen."

B.F





## THE GHOULS

Continued from page 18

strange doings in a lunatic asylum when the patients take over. It's by Poe. Need I say more? The critic who remarked—"One does not go to Poe for humor." can eat his words. It may be black humor, but it is definitely humor. The film, under the title *THE LUNATICS*, was produced in 1912 by the Edison company; which also produced the lost *FRANKENSTEIN* of 1910.

*FEATHERTOP* is about a scarecrow who through the whim of a New England witch, becomes alive. Gogol's *THE VIY*, a story of vampirism and witchcraft in Russia, was turned into an excellent film by Mario Bava. Bava had been a cameraman before becoming a director, and his visual sense of values and ability to use his actors (Barbara Steele and John



Barbara Steele in *BLACK SUNDAY*

Richardson in this case), were what made *BLACK SUNDAY* a superior film.

Now for the bad news folk. Included in the anthology are Gaston Leroux's *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*, Tod Robbin's *SPURS*, and Francis Oscar Mann's *THE DEVIL IN A CONVENT*.

The *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA* is quite a good novel in the original French. This translation is terrible. To judge Gaston Leroux by this mess is comparable to judging Chaney's performance by the rotten Hammer remake. I've read the original, complete, French version. I know. (I've also seen the rotten Hammer remake.)

I was disappointed in Tod Robbin's *SPURS*. I expected the story that inspired Tod (Dracula) Browning's magnum opus, the incomparable *FREAKS*, to be made of sterner stuff. Well. That is life. *THE DEVIL IN A CONVENT* is a bore. It may have inspired the first horror film of all time, but it is a mushy Pre-Raphaelite-like bore. Enough. If you're curious about what exactly a Pre-Raphaelite-like bore is, read it.

Now: the question that is doubtless foremost in your hearts as you sit, perched on your chairs breathlessly perusing this review. Do I recommend the book? After all, \$7.95 is a lot of bubble gum in these depression days. And is it worth it?

Yes.

Jessica Clerk

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Jessica Clerk is The Monster Times' Staffe Vampyr Expert, 17 years old, and claims to carry a torch for Chris Lee. We plan to ship our precocious li'l tyke to England to interview England's No. 1 vampire in a forthcoming ish of M.T.  
Peeleth thine eyes!

# THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE!

THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE is here! Now you can order rare and hard-to-get books about monsters, comics, pulps, fantasy and assorted betwitching black sundries.

Some of the items are for older fan enthusiasts, and some ask you to state age when purchasing. Don't be put off by the formality, the pulsating Post Office isn't.

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For mood and tone and anatomy and stark portraits of wonder, Frazetta is the master! Each poster

awakens your sense of awe and fascination. The colors and details are reproduced magnificently. Breathtaking to see and own!

### A. WEREWOLF (cover painting for *CREEPY* 4).

Silhouetted against an orange moon is the ravening beast of our nightmares, about to pounce on the victim who has unfortunately discovered him! \$2.50

### B. SKIN DIVER (cover painting for *EERIE* 3).

There is the treasure chest, spilling its riches into the ocean depth in which the awed skin-diver has discovered it. But what is that fearful, monstrous thing rearing up behind it? \$2.50

### C. BREAK THE BARBARIAN VS. THE SORCERESS (cover painting for Paperback Library paperback).

Brak, with sword and on horseback, looks up into murky skies to see—is it a vision of a woman? Is that evil she seems to convey? Or menace? \$2.50

### D. CONAN OF CIMMERIA (cover painting for Lancer paperback).

Toe to toe, Conan fights with brute savagery, death in every axe-stroke, against two frost giants. The scene is a blazingly white mountain top under an ice-blue sky! Thorough drama! \$2.50

### E. CONAN THE CONQUEROR (cover painting for Lancer paperback).

Bursting like a firestorm into the midst of a hellish battle, Conan comes, astride his maddened charger, cleaving his bloody way! The background is fire and death and savagery \$2.50

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(POSTERS ARE MAILED IN STRONG CARDBOARD TUBES)

## HERO PULP INDEX.

Weinberg & McKinstry, ed. \$3.50

Where did the Black Hood appear before comic books? When did the long and incredibly successful Shadow series begin? How long did Doc Savage run? The pulp magazines with continued adventure hero features are listed in this compact and efficient reference book. Note: This book is mainly a listing of old pulp mag. characters and titles, of interest to completists and zealous fans, but not of much



value to a person looking for samples of the actual surprises. We say this, hoping to avoid confusion or ill feelings.



## LUGOSI.

Alan Barbour, ed. \$4.00

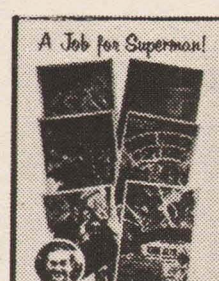
The world's favorite Dracula is seen in a book of photos of Bela Lugosi in his weirdest roles. Softcover twin volume to the Karloff book. Excellent stills from the great Lugosi horror films, and plenty of them. 52-pages.



## FANTASTIC.

Alan Barbour, ed. \$4.00

Boris Karloff was the magnificent master of disguise and menace. You can see dozens and dozens of photographs of his various roles in this 52-page all-photograph softcover book. Each photo is full-page size (8 1/2 x 11) and is clear and vivid. A horror-film fan's prize.



## A JOB FOR SUPERMAN.

Kirk Alyn \$5.00

The first actor ever to play the part of Superman has written this memoir. It is filled with film-making stories (how he caught fire while flying), good humor, and many, many photographs. Fun reading, even for non-film fans.



## HISTORY OF THE COMICS.

Jim Steranko \$3.00

There is a series involved here, and this is volume one. You can find few better descriptions of how comic books evolved (from newspaper strips and pulp adventure magazines), and there are hundreds of photos and illustrations. Nifty reading, great art — poster-sized full-color cover by the author.



## VIRGIL FINLAY.

Donald M. Grant \$12.00

Beautiful hardcover book, limited memorial edition, including a magnificent sampling of the art of this great science-fiction illustrator. Mostly black-and-white and some outstanding color plates. Also contains a full listing of Finlay's work and where to find it, and his bio.

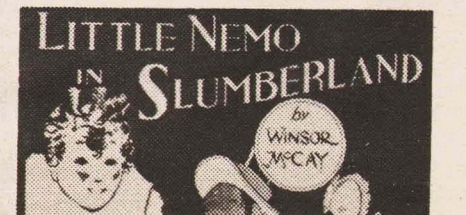
Proves again and again, page after page that Finlay did for horror & sci-fi what Norman Rockwell did for The Saturday Evening Post.



## ABYSS 1.

Jones et al., ed. \$2.00

This deadly magazine comic book was the cooperative effort of Jeff Jones, Mike Kaluta, Bruce Jones, and Berni Wrightson. They experiment with stories of the odd and the macabre, in spidery, Gothic style! Moody and dramatic and high quality.



## LITTLE NEMO IN SLUMBERLAND.

Winsor McCay \$3.00

This softcover, thin book is an amazing look at the art nouveau "psy-

chedelic" comic strip artwork of Winsor McCay. Nemo appeared in the early 1900's, and is still the best visual fantasy ever to appear on a comic page!



## THE GREAT COMIC BOOK HEROES.

Jules Feiffer \$5.00

A frank and nostalgic backward look at a childhood of comic book reading. And then adventure after (original) comic book adventure showing us the complete origin of stories of Batman, Superman, and Green Lantern, and episodes in the careers of the Spirit, Flash, Hawkman, and more! All in beautiful color! Dynamite!



## DARK DOMAIN.

Gray Morrow \$4.00

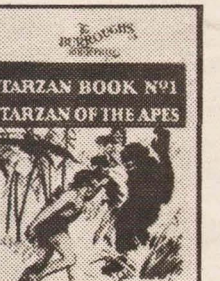
A sketchbook of a comic art master featuring fantasy, science-fiction illustrations and visual delights such as girls, monsters, swordsmen, and girls! This volume is recommended for serious students of art, illustration, science fiction, fantasy, swordsmen monsters and of girls—but over age 18.



## TARZAN AND THE VIKINGS.

Hal Foster \$7.00

Here is one of the greatest adventure strips ever drawn, by the finest artist the comic art world has ever produced! Even before beginning his 33-year Prince Valiant career, Hal Foster did the Sunday pages of Tarzan, and this book (softcover, Life-Magazine-sized) reprints 55 pages of Tarzan's story. Where else can this "lost" work be seen?



## TARZAN ILLUSTRATED BOOK ONE.

Hal Foster \$9.00

The first Tarzan ever to appear in comics form was a daily strip drawn by Hal Foster with the text of the book printed beneath each panel. Designed to run for a few weeks, Tarzan has now been going for forty years. But this book contains the first strips ever drawn, reprinted in clear lines in a wrap-around softcover book. Good value.

# THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011

The proverbial Old Abandoned Warehouse which you've heard about in so many comics, movies and pulp adventure and detective novels is open for business. Abandoned Ware-

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- (E) CONAN CONQUEROR
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## MUSHROOM MONSTERS

Continued from page 19

personal project that set the tone for many later films on this subject. His image of the scarred wastelands of an atomically-demolished earth are among the most haunting ever to reach the screen. Arch Oboler's story is a simple and basic one: After the nuclear transformation of Earth from a busy, hectic planet crammed with war and emotional conflict into the silent deathscape it becomes in *Five*, only five people are left alive to recreate in miniature the kind of human in-fighting and self-destructive urges that led to a nuclear war in the first place.

The steady disintegration of the desperate survivors mirrors the problems people have in getting along, even when they have a common goal to achieve. At the end of the film only two remain—a post-holocaust Adam & Eve determined to begin the species anew. Good Luck!

Although *Five* would be placed in the third category of the nuclear film—the Post-World Destruction film—I mention it now because it is really the first to tackle the dangers of The Bomb head-on. While its basic plot and characterizations were not earth-shakingly original, *Five's* compelling images of sheer desolation and total world desertion were something new.

The most terrifying aspect of Oboler's *Five* was that it was not an outlandish or smirky science-fiction *fantasy* in which the world was destroyed by interplanetary warfare, or divine biblical floods, or secret creatures rascally sneaking up from the bowels of the earth. On the contrary, it was done by man, and man alone. It represented a vast mass-suicide, a self-destructive plot that involved *everyone*—no matter who the aggressors might be; *everyone*, including the aggressors, were victims. *There was no one else to blame.* This represented a drastic departure and increased the psychological horror a hundredfold.

Of course, the idea was not enough; it required talent and imagination to really bring it off. And Oboler had it.

The most common theme explored by Hollywood filmmakers was of human beings turned into monsters and outcasts as a result of nuclear contamination.

A typical human-mutation film is the *AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN*, released by the prolific (if not always brilliant) American-International studio. In this film an army officer (Glenn Langan)

becomes infected by radioactive particles that renew the growth process. As he grows, his distance from his fellow humans takes on vast emotional as well as physical dimensions.

He knows he is viewed by others as a freak and the efforts of the American Lilliputians to help him become increasingly incomprehensible to him. His mind gradually drifts into a state of child-like confusion, and he begins to lash out at the hordes of miniature human pests who trail and torment him. The distinction between friend and foe disappears from his mind and soon enough ALL become the enemy as he takes out his mammoth frustrations on a Las Vegas toyland.

Of course, he is then destroyed—shot by a bazooka and then falls into the Grand Coulee Dam, no less—only to return, marred and scarred, in an inept sequel called *THE WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST*, having apparently made the final transition from 'man' to 'beast.' At least in the title, anyway, the producers really made the transformation.

One of the earliest (and best) Warning From Space films is *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*,



in which Michael Rennie plays a visitor from the vast intergalactic beyond, who comes to warn this wicked world not to play with nuclear fire and to request an end to ALL manner of warfare. This film stood out as one of the best of its period, in the horror-sci-fi genre, and we'll be taking a closer look at it in a future installment in this series. (As well as presenting a special Encyclopedia Filmfannica treatment soon—Editor)

Most of the mutation films lacked the drive and imagination to really make the horror aspect work, but a few classics did emerge. For every few films that were content to spring a make-up man's monster on an undemanding audience, there was one that went beyond, to probe the possible terrors of human contamination. One of the best of these mutation films, *The Incredible Shrinking Man*, will be discussed, along with several others, in the next issue of MT.

Stay tuned... and try to keep from glowing in the dark! It's not polite.

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